

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVE S.

*Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.*

No. 12.

NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADY'S DEEP GAME; OR CHASING THE SOCIETY CROOKS.



The scene was a thrilling one. Old King Brady recognized Young King Brady struggling on the box, and meant to risk his life to stop the maddened horses.





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## THE BRADYS' DEEP GAME;

OR,

## CHASING THE SOCIETY CROOKS.

A REMARKABLE DETECTIVE STORY.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A STRANGE CRIME.

SOCIETY in Gotham had been thrilled for many months with weird reports of strange crimes committed by unknown criminals in its midst.

Sometimes these crimes were so enacted that the finger of suspicion actually pointed to members of families high in society life, and who were often at great trouble to prove their innocence.

Of course this was not only amazing, but actually dangerous, for the time might come when an innocent person would be made to suffer for that of which he was not guilty.

The smartest detectives in the country were employed.

It was determined by certain wealthy men to learn if possible, who these skillful crooks were, and to bring them to justice.

This proved by no means an easy task.

In all cases for a time the crooks came out in the lead. It was a baffling case.

Thus matters were when one day the chief of the Secret Service sent for two of the most noted detectives in the world.

They were known as the two Bradys.

For more than a decade Old King Brady, as he was called, had been known around New York City as the greatest sleuth of modern times.

Usually this famous old detective had conducted all his cases on his own hook.

But of late he had associated with him a young

man who promised to become the rival and equal, if not the superior of Old King Brady himself.

Harry Brady, who, although he bore the same name was no kin of Old King Brady, was the old detective's idol.

Where you found one, the other was sure not to be far away.

To these detectives the chief of the Secret Service stated his case. He said:

"I want you to undertake it. I place full reliance in you. If you cannot bring these villains to punishment, nobody can."

So the two Bradys thus commissioned began work.

For a time they dropped out of sight altogether. When they next appeared a terrible crime had been enacted.

This was discovered at an early hour one fine June morning.

Before the door of a fine mansion on Lexington avenue a great crowd was collected.

It seemed to be an excited crowd.

Officers were stationed on the steps and nobody was allowed to go in or out.

What had happened?

Was it murder?

The morbid curiosity of the crowd longed to be satisfied.

All sorts of theories were discussed.

"Who lives here?" asked one man of another.

"Don't you know?"

"No!"

"It is old Denton Quickley, the rich banker and society leader."



"Ah, I have heard of him."

"I heard a faint whisper that he had been found dead in his bed, and that it was suspected murder!"

"Heavens! how awful!"

"Yes, indeed!"

"But who could have done it?"

"Ah, that we cannot say. But look, here comes the police inspector and the coroner. We shall soon hear something."

A cab drove up to the door.

Four men stepped out.

Two of them were the officials named by the bystanders.

Instantly the crowd surged forward to hear anything that might be said.

But not one of the men spoke.

They passed on up the steps.

The street door opened and closed behind them. This was all that the people in the street could see.

What was going on behind that closed door was a mystery.

The human mind is a curious affair at best.

It is always the powerful wave of curiosity which predominates in the average breast. Thus the crowd waited.

The suspense was something terrible.

They looked up at the house, studied the windows, and tried in vain to imagine what was transpiring there.

All sorts of theories were advanced.

Inventive minds are never wanting in such a crowd.

"They are holding an autopsy!"

"That is what is going on!"

"When will they come out?"

"Will the reporter get in?"

A presumptuous and persevering member of the press was trying alternately to cajole and bulldoze the police at the entrance to the mansion.

But his efforts did not avail.

They would not let him pass.

The crowd surmised and asserted, commented and dissented, and came not near the truth.

Time passed.

It seemed as if the officers had been in the house an age.

"Why don't they come out?"

"Is it really murder?"

"Why don't they put out a bulletin?"

"We'd soon have one if that reporter could only get in."

"You're right."

Thus excitement swayed the crowd.

But still they did not gain the information they desired.

Matters were getting tedious, when an interesting incident happened.

Two men of remarkable appearance suddenly appeared at the steps.

One was tall and large, framed with strong features, partly concealed by a wide-brimmed, white felt hat.

A blue coat was tightly buttoned across his chest, and he wore a high stock collar. His companion was much younger, with strong, handsome features. He also wore a wide-brimmed hat.

His face was partly concealed thus, but the magnetic flash of a wonderful pair of eyes came from beneath the brim.

These men seemed to glide along like weird shadows.

They paused one moment at the foot of the steps.

One of the officers essayed to stop them, but the elder man turned and gave him one swift glance.

Evidently the officer recognized his authority, or the flash of the eyes was too much for him.

He fell back respectfully.

Up the steps the two men went.

The door opened and they vanished from sight like the silent shadows they looked to be.

The crowd drew a deep breath.

"Who are they?"

"I know who they are," said one man with conviction. Instantly he was the center of attraction.

"Who are they?"

"I reckon they are those mysterious detectives they call the two Bradys."

A tremor went through the crowd.

All had heard of the two Bradys, but few there had ever seen them.

Interest now was at fever height.

"The two Bradys, eh?"

"Well, they're all right!"

"Maybe they'll find the murderer."

"You bet they will!"

At this moment the police inspector appeared on the steps.

Instantly the crowd began to clamor.

"Let us know about it, inspector! What's happened? What's wrong?"

The officer waved his hand with some impatience and addressed the crowd:

"If you will disperse and be patient you will soon know all about it. A tragedy has occurred, but I can tell you nothing further about it now. If you will wait until the newspapers appear to-night you will know all."

This did not exactly satisfy the crowd, but they dispersed.

The only way to learn now about the affair was to watch for the newspapers.

A great crowd gathered about the bulletin boards that evening.

At length, after much waiting, they appeared, and thus they read:

### A MYSTERIOUS MURDER!

#### NO CLEW TO THE ASSASSIN.

The well-known society leader, the Broadway banker, Denton Quickley, is found murdered in his bed. Every sort of an effort is being made to find the murderer. The inquest will be held to-morrow at four o'clock. See later edition.



The later edition of the paper was what everybody waited for.

It came finally, and the copies were eagerly purchased the instant they appeared upon the street.

A more explicit account was thus given to the public, and general curiosity was in a measure satiated.

Thus the account read:

"This morning, at the usual hour, the faithful man servant of Mr. Denton Quickley, No. — Lexington avenue, whose name is Dennis McPhee, went to his master's chamber to arouse him.

"But immediately upon opening the door McPhee caught sight of a dreadful and astonishing spectacle. He gave one look at the awful sight and then ran shrieking with terror down the stairs.

"The house was at once thrown into a state of the most awful excitement and terror. Such of the servants as were nervy enough to do so went up to their master's room and confirmed McPhee's declaration.

"The police quickly arrived, and at once detectives were sent for.

"The sight which rewarded one upon looking into the banker's chamber was a dreadful one indeed.

"The unfortunate man lay across his bed with gaping knife wounds in his breast, and with his throat cut from ear to ear.

"Of course, it was known at once that murder had been committed, and the house was put under surveillance and an effort made to find the assassin.

"But up to this hour not the slightest clew had been obtained. It is understood that the world famous detectives, known as the two King Bradys, will undertake the case. Further particulars will be given in a later bulletin."

This left the crowd in suspense worse than ever. Who was the murderer, and what was the motive?

These were the questions upon everybody's tongue.

There seemed no answer at hand. All was mystery and the more it was pondered over the deeper it seemed to grow.

"But if the Bradys undertake the case," said one man, "it will very quickly be unraveled."

"Do you believe they will?"

"Yes, for they were seen to go into the house shortly after the murder."

"Well, it may be so."

And thus matters stood.

One thing was certain.

Not for years had a crime occurred in the great metropolis which excited the interest and wonderment, nay, mystery in society circles particularly, that this one had.

People went on vainly trying to unravel the mystery, but the unravelment seemed as far off as ever, when a swift series of thrilling incidents developed.

## CHAPTER II.

### SEARCHING FOR A CLEW.

THE famous detectives, the two Bradys, mounted the steps and entered the house of tragedy, as we have seen.

Many were curious as to what transpired behind that heavy oaken door, which closed after them.

As the detectives passed into the spacious hall, a policeman stood in its center.

They halted in front of him.

Old King Brady lifted the rim of his broad, slouch hat.

"All right, sir!" said the officer, falling back. "I know you."

The old detective spoke, and his voice had a peculiar magnetic ring.

"Where is the inspector?"

"He is upstairs."

The two Bradys went on up the broad staircase and at the landing above they entered a room to the right.

Several men were in that room. As the detectives entered one of the men gave a start.

"Old King Brady!" he exclaimed. "Good! you are just the man I wanted to see!"

"Indeed!" said the detective in his peculiar way. "What can I do for you?"

"You can see what the trouble is."

"Yes."

The inspector of police, for he it was, made a sweeping gesture.

Both detectives gave a critical glance about the room.

It was in a state of much disorder.

It looked really as if a great struggle had taken place there.

Blood stains were upon the wall, upon the rich carpet, and indeed all had the appearance of the committing of a great crime.

Upon the bed lay the victim.

He was a man of the florid type, possibly sixty years of age.

He lay half across the bed, with head thrown back and one rigid hand had clutched the bedclothes in a death grip.

Blood was all over his breast and face, streaked his arms, and bedaubed the bedclothes.

It was an awful spectacle.

The ordinary person would have shrank in horror from it all.

But the two Bradys were well familiar with such scenes.

Old King Brady gave but a passing glance at the victim.

He noted the position of the body, and then his gaze roamed about the room, taking in the position of the windows and the door.

"Yes, I can see what the trouble is," he said, quietly. "It is murder."

"That is certain."

"It looks like a bad job."

"You are right."

Young King Brady took a step nearer the murdered man.

He studied his features a moment.



Then he reached forward and extracted a costly diamond stud from the victim's shirt bosom.

"It was not the purpose of the assassin to plunder," he declared.

"Don't you think so?" asked the inspector.

"Never! that man has died at the hands of an enemy!"

"That is right, Harry," agreed Old King Brady.

The other man listened with deep interest to this decision of the famous detectives.

"Revenge?" asked the inspector.

"Yes."

"You may be right."

"Time will tell," said Young King Brady.

"Yet Denton Quickley was never known to have an enemy."

Old King Brady snapped his fingers.

"The world knows nothing of this man's private life!" he declared. "I shall adhere to the theory that the motive was revenge."

"Have you any idea who the murderer is?"

"It is too early yet to say."

Old King Brady stepped back, and the inspector continued:

"It is understood you will undertake the case? Our men at the Central Office are all claimed just now on the case of the society crooks."

Old King Brady's keen eyes sought the inspector's face.

"This affair is the work of the society crooks," he replied. "Put all the men upon it you choose. We will go ahead upon our own hook!"

The inspector looked surprised.

"Do you really believe that?" he asked. "The society crooks have always worked for plunder."

"When it suited their purpose. At no other time."

The old detective and the inspector faced each other for a moment, while neither spoke.

Finally the inspector laughed.

"Well, Old King Brady," he said, jocularly, "you always were a queer chap. Go ahead and have your own way. If you track Denton Quickley's murderer down, do so. I wish you success."

"I will do the best I can," replied the famous detective, bluntly. "Is this all you have to say?"

"All."

"What move have you made as yet?"

"None of importance."

"I desire that you keep the guard about the house for awhile."

"It shall be done."

"Who of the family have you seen?"

"He had no family."

"No family?"

"No."

Old King Brady was a little surprised.

"You don't mean to say that he lived here all alone?"

"With the exception of the servants and a young secretary, Harvey Hale."

"A secretary, eh?"

"Yes!"

"But has the murdered man no heirs?"

"Not that I know of. Yet it seems to me that he did have a niece or something of the sort. She has been seen here often. Her name is Caroline Shirley."

Old King Brady rubbed his hands together briskly. He exchanged glances with Young King Brady.

"Will you give me a little help?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"I want to catechise the dead man's valet. I suppose, of course, that this young secretary and the woman will be at the inquest?"

"We will have them there."

"When will you hold it?"

"To-morrow."

"Very good! there is nothing like immediate action. Now, please to send an officer for the valet."

"It shall be done."

The inspector dispatched one of the officers upon the errand.

The two King Bradys in the meanwhile began to take a look about the room.

They examined the door and the windows, the carpet and the furniture.

Then from the dead man's vest pocket Young King Brady drew forth an elegant gold watch and heavy chain.

"See!" he cried, triumphantly. "It was not plunder, you see, after all!"

"You may be right, sir," agreed the inspector. "This is good progress."

Old King Brady smiled in his peculiar way.

"We shall see," he said, simply.

At this moment the officer returned with the valet.

The fellow was a dapper little Scotchman with keen eyes and chop whiskers.

"What is your name?" asked Old King Brady, keenly.

"Dennis McPhee, sir!" was the valet's prompt reply.

"How long have you been in this gentleman's service?"

"Eighteen years, sir."

"When did you last see your master alive and well?"

"Yesterday, in the afternoon."

"Ah, then you do not know what time he retired?"

"No, sir. You see I had a day off yesterday, at least I went away in the afternoon and did not come back until this morning."

"You were the first one to enter his chamber in the morning, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you beheld this awful sight?"

The valet covered his face.

"I never want to see the like again," he declared, with a shiver.

"Do you know who was last with your master?"

The valet hesitated.

"That I do not, sir," he finally replied.



Old King Brady took a turn up and down the room.

"Well," he continued, "did your master have any callers yesterday?"

"He did, sir."

"Who were they?"

"One was a woman, sir, Caroline Shirley, and another was a tall man, sir, just returned from California."

"His name?" asked Old King Brady, sharply.

The valet was thoughtful.

Then he pulled from his pocket a card.

"This is his card, sir."

The old detective took it.

The name upon it was:

### BURTON HENSHAW.

The detective filed the card in a notebook.

"Do you know what this man's business was?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Was he here when you went away?"

"No, sir."

"This is all you know about the case?"

"It is, sir."

"That is all."

The maid servant, Bridget Gallagher, was now called.

She was a good-natured Irish girl, and answered questions positively.

"You were at home all day yesterday, Bridget?" asked Old King Brady.

"Shure, an' I was, sor."

"Then you ought to know who was with your master last evening?"

"Shure, an' I do, sor."

"Ah, who was with him?"

"It was Mr. Hale, his secretary, sor. He stayed with him until late, sor."

"You are sure of this?"

"Oh, yis, sor."

"Did you know of any other person being with him at that hour, or after Hale left?"

"No, sor."

"Did anybody go to Mr. Quickley's room after Mr. Hale left?"

"No, sor. We all supposed Misther Quickley had retired for the night."

"This is all you know of the matter?"

"Yis, sor."

"That will do."

Bridget retired with this.

The inspector and the other officers had listened to all this with the deepest of interest.

Old King Brady took another look about the room.

Then he turned to the inspector.

"I will see you to-morrow at the inquest. There is nothing more to do just now. Come, Harry."

Then the two detectives left the room.

But they had not reached the broad staircase when the inspector was beside them.

He placed a hand upon Old King Brady's arm.

"One moment, Old King Brady," he said.

"Well?" asked the detective, shortly.

The inspector's face was very white.

"It is easy enough to see who is under the ban of suspicion, is it not?"

"Who?"

"Why, the young secretary, Harvey Hale, of course. He is the murderer."

## CHAPTER III.

### AT THE INQUEST.

THE declaration of the inspector caused Old King Brady to shrug his shoulders.

"There is nothing sure," he said, curtly. "We cannot fetch safe conclusions yet."

"But to whom else does the finger of suspicion so strongly point?"

"We will admit that reasoning to be true. Still circumstantial evidence should never convict."

"You have an idea?"

"Yes!"

"May I ask what it is?"

The mysterious old detective laughed.

"I would consider myself a fool to give it just now."

"But you do not believe Hale guilty?"

Old King Brady turned and gave his interlocutor a piercing glance.

"No, nor I never shall!" he replied, in a pointed manner. "Come, Harry!"

Then they descended the steps and vanished.

Public interest was now centered in the coroner's inquest.

This had been announced to take place the next day at four o'clock.

All witnesses to be found were put under bonds to be present. Other arrangements were also perfected.

The two King Bradys were on hand the next day. The inquest was called promptly on time.

The first witness was McPhee.

The little valet was exceedingly nervous and pale.

But he gave his testimony clearly and substantially as he had given it to the detective that day.

Likewise did Bridget, the maid servant.

Then Harvey Hale was called to the front.

The young secretary was tall and handsome, with frank, open features.

He came forward fearlessly.

"What is your full name?" was the question first asked the young secretary.

"Harvey Hale."

"You were in Mr. Quickley's employ?"

"I was."

"In what capacity?"

"As his private secretary."

"How long had you been in his employ?"



"For eight years."

Everybody was listening intently. All this was interesting.

One man in the crowd whispered to another.

"He is a fine looking fellow."

"Yes."

"Ye wouldn't take him for a murderer."

"No."

"I don't believe he is."

The coroner went on:

"In this eight years, Mr. Hale, you must have become quite well versed with the dead man's affairs?"

"I have, sir."

"Ah, then, perhaps you can give an opinion regarding this crime."

"I cannot, sir."

There was a murmur in the crowd.

The coroner conferred with the officers for a moment.

Then he continued:

"Do you know if Mr. Quickley had any enemies?"

"No, sir!"

"Can you not think of some one whose dislike Mr. Quickley incurred?"

"I cannot."

"Do you know of his having had a quarrel with anybody lately?"

"No."

"Then, to the best of your belief, he had not an enemy in the world?"

"That is the case."

"Was Mr. Quickley's business affairs in good shape?"

"Yes, sir."

The coroner drew forth a notebook.

"Another question. Were you not with the banker at a late hour last night?"

"I was."

"When did you leave him?"

"I cannot name the exact hour."

"Was he in good health and spirits then?"

"He was."

The silence which had fallen upon the crowd was intense.

Everybody was agog with interest.

"It looks, Mr. Hale, as if you were the last person with the murdered man before the crime was committed."

"Perhaps I was."

"And yet you cannot give the slightest clew to aid in unraveling the mystery of the affair."

"I am sorry to say that I cannot," replied Harvey.

"Well, did you know of any person visiting the banker that night?"

The secretary was thoughtful.

Then he replied:

"Yes, I do."

"Who was it?"

"Caroline Shirley."

"Who is she?"

The secretary appeared embarrassed.

"A lady relative of his, I believe."

"Ah, in what way was she related?"

"I cannot say."

"Was this Miss Shirley a frequent caller upon the banker?"

"Quite so."

"You cannot give the exact relation between this woman and Quickley?"

"I cannot."

"You will swear that this is all you know about the case?"

The young secretary was thoughtful.

Suddenly his face brightened.

"Wait," he cried; "I remember something else."

The crowd was instantly agog with interest.

Hale drew himself up.

"Well," asked the coroner.

"Before I left him he said that he was expecting another caller."

This was important.

If it could be shown that Harvey Hale was not the last person with the banker, then he stood cleared.

"Who was this other caller?"

Hale did some thinking.

Suddenly he started up.

"I have it," he cried. "He was an old friend returned from California."

"Ah!"

"His name was Burton Henshaw."

There was a great stir in the crowd. The coroner asked:

"Do you believe that Burton Henshaw called upon Quickley after you left?"

"Well," said the young secretary, confusedly, "I cannot say as to that."

The coroner turned.

"Bridget, the maid servant," he called.

That worthy came forward.

"Did you not testify, Bridget, that Mr. Henshaw called upon the banker early in the evening?"

"He did, sor."

"And before Mr. Hale came?"

"Yis, sor."

"That will do."

The coroner turned calmly to young Hale.

His words fell with strange force upon the strained hearing of all.

"Mr. Hale, what have you to say?"

For the first time the young secretary looked confused and distressed.

"Why—I—I must be mistaken," he stammered.

"Let me see, come to think of it he may have told me that Henshaw had called, and not that he expected the call. Really—I think it must be so."

A very grave expression was upon the coroner's face.

"This is all you know, Mr. Hale, about this case?"

"Yes, but—really—why, it cannot be that you really suspect me—my God! I am not implicated in this awful affair."

But the coroner did not heed his words.



"Please to step down!" he said, curtly. "Miss Shirley will come forward."

There was a great hush upon the crowd.

Somehow there was an instinctive feeling that a crisis was at hand.

A woman of the blonde type and a certain beauty, came forward.

She was gaudily dressed and bore the appearance of one familiar with the world.

There were set lines about her mouth and a hard light in her gray eyes.

She stood before the coroner with perfect confidence and unreserve.

"Your name, madam?"

"Caroline Shirley!"

"You were acquainted with the dead man?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Ten years."

"Are you any blood relation of his?"

"No."

"Are you related to him in any other way?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"As a friend."

"Do you know much about his private affairs?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"I know all about them."

The woman elevated her head in a dashing, defiant way.

"How did you come to know so much?"

"I was his confidante."

"Then you can tell us about his private affairs?"

"I can."

"Ah, did you know him to have an enemy?"

"I have heard him say that he suspected some one in his employ was seeking his life."

This statement created a literal sensation. The people murmured and exchanged whispered comments. After an interval the inquest went on.

"You heard him say that?"

"Yes."

"Did he also name the person whom he suspected?"

"No."

"Ah, did you have any suspicion as to the person meant?"

"I do not care to state."

"You are aware that this is a very serious inquest upon a cold-blooded murder?"

"Yes."

"Then you must also be aware of the prime necessity of your faithfully answering all questions."

"I am, but I cannot answer that."

"Will you give a reason why?"

"Yes, it would perhaps lead to the conviction of an innocent party. I have no positive evidence."

The coroner bowed.

"Under those circumstances your attitude is safe," he said. "The law does not ask you to throw the

light of suspicion upon one who is not positively known to be worthy of that suspicion. This is all."

Caroline Shirley swept down and away through the crowd.

But two pairs of keen eyes followed her as she passed from view.

There was a strange inscrutable expression upon the faces of both Old and Young King Brady, and now the gaping curious crowd was rewarded with a sensation.

An officer advanced and laid a hand upon Harvey Hale's shoulder.

"You are my prisoner," he said.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CONVICTED.

THE effect of this upon Harvey Hale was terrible. His face became a deadly pallor, and great beads of perspiration oozed from every pore.

He trembled like an aspen.

To the crowd it looked as if this was evidence of guilt.

"He is the man!" was the thought in the minds of all.

"My soul!" gasped the young secretary. "You don't mean to arrest me?"

"You are my prisoner," said the officer, firmly.

"Upon what charge?"

"That of murder."

"Before Heaven, you are wrong. I am innocent."

The chief of police stepped forward and slipped manacles upon young Hale's wrists.

"We are obliged to perform this painful duty," he said. "But rest assured you shall have a fair trial."

"Oh, what will my poor mother say," groaned the young secretary. "It will kill her."

At this moment a hand was laid on the chief's arm, and he turned.

Old King Brady stood before him, and the detective's rasping voice broke the air:

"I object to the closing of this inquest as yet."

The inspector was staggered, and a sensation was created.

Everybody surged closer.

"What?"

"I object."

"You do?"

"I do."

"Upon what grounds?"

"The grounds of fair play."

"The prisoner will get that."

"I mean to see that he does."

Old King Brady spoke firmly and with an air of resolution, while the chief was never more astounded in his life.

That such a declaration should come from such a source completely dumfounded him.



"Don't you believe that the evidence is against this man?" asked the inspector.

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"The inquest is not fairly finished."

"What more do you ask?"

"Well, gentlemen," said the famous old detective, addressing the court, "you will remember that Mr. Hale was not the only person last known to be with Mr. Quickley."

"Miss Shirley?" said the chief.

"One other."

"Who?"

"Burton Henshaw."

"But his call was earlier in the evening. That clears him."

"It has not been positively decided," said Old King Brady.

"Miss Shirley's testimony is to that effect," declared the inspector.

"She is the only one to testify to that. Her word is no better than the prisoner's."

A stir was created.

It began to look as if the detective was right, and almost instantly the tide of sympathy began to turn.

"But the prisoner admits it."

"I beg your pardon," said Old King Brady. "The prisoner does not admit it. He is in doubt."

"You do not wish to thwart justice?"

"No."

"Then what do you demand?"

"I ask that Burton Henshaw be found and compelled to testify before this inquest is closed."

The inspector bowed his head.

"It may be that you are right," he said, with conviction. "At any rate you shall have your wish. The coroner will postpone the inquest until Henshaw can be found."

"I ask no more."

"In the meantime I shall consider it my duty to hold the prisoner in custody for awhile."

"I am satisfied."

There were tears in Harvey Hale's eyes as he gave the old detective a grateful glance.

"I thank you," he said. "You are my friend. I am innocent, and ask only for a fair trial."

"You shall have it," declared the inspector, emphatically.

The crowd cheered.

Some looked around for the two Bradys, but they were not in sight.

In their mysterious way they had vanished.

The newspapers were filled with a thrilling account of the arrest of the young secretary, and public opinion was divided.

Some believed Hale innocent, while others thought him guilty. Many declared Henshaw was the real murderer. Some color was given to this, when it was discovered that Henshaw had disappeared.

He was not to be found.

In some way he had mysteriously dropped out of sight. What did it mean?

The case baffled the detectives and the public as well; there seemed but one logical conclusion to accept.

This was that Harvey Hale was really guilty; but yet people were not exactly satisfied of the fact.

They wanted more proof.

The district attorney believed that it would be forthcoming at the trial, and the day for this had been set and was near at hand.

It was certain to be the sensation of the hour.

Its developments would no doubt create much excitement.

Interest was at fever height.

All this while nothing had been seen or heard of the two Bradys.

What were they up to?

This question had been considered in many circles, but without any satisfactory answer or conclusion.

They were, no doubt, working on the case silently and effectively, and would turn up at the trial with startling evidence.

At length the day of the trial came, and a great crowd thronged the court room. Everybody interested in the case was there.

The prisoner stood at the bar, pale, but calm and resolute.

The court was opened and the evidence considered; witnesses were put upon the stand; the servants in the household testified in various ways, and then Caroline Shirley was put upon the stand, while very direct questions were put to her.

She answered them very accurately, however, and her manner was calm and cool.

Her evidence was very damaging to the prisoner.

But yet it did not seem enough to convict him, when a sensation was created by a new and thrilling development.

A detective came into the court.

He held up a coat.

It was a ghastly looking object.

It was covered with blood.

He was instantly put upon the stand.

"What is your name?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"Henry Dane."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a detective."

"What have you there?"

"A bloody coat."

Everybody was on the *qui vive*.

"Where did you get it?"

"It was found buried in the garden in the rear of the house in which the prisoner lives."

A great hush fell upon the room.

"Do you know to whom the coat belongs?" he was asked.

"There is a name upon the lining executed with a stamp."

"Ah, what is it?"



"Harvey Hale."

The prisoner staggered and seemed likely to fall.

The district attorney took the coat and held it up to the prisoner's view.

"Harvey Hale," he said, firmly, "in the name of truth I adjure you to tell me. Is that your coat?"

"It is," replied the young secretary.

"Ah, can you tell how that blood came upon it?"

"I cannot."

A buzz went through the audience.

"Did you bury that coat in your garden?"

"I did not."

"Do you know how it did come there in that state?"

"No."

These answers were given firmly and distinctly.

Yet they did not carry weight.

They were nothing more than what a guilty man would say.

The excitement was intense.

The testimony was now closed and the counsel began arguments. These were forcible and replete with oratory.

The judge then charged the jury and the end of the great trial seemed near at hand.

The result came speedily.

The jury was out scarcely twenty minutes when the foreman came in and announced the verdict.

"The prisoner is guilty of murder in the first degree."

For an instant there was a great hush.

Then there came a low agonized cry from the corner of the room.

A woman had fainted.

It was Hale's mother.

The prisoner stood like one stunned for a moment.

His eyes seemed looking blankly into space and his voice had a strange, mournful cadence as he spoke.

"Oh, God! why has this terrible crime been fastened upon me? If there are men present who can listen to me impartially let me swear to them my innocence. I am not guilty of this dark deed."

There was a dread hush upon the court room. Suddenly two men stepped forward into plain view. One was an old man with white hair, the other was young and resolute.

A keen, sharp voice fell upon the hearing of all. It was the voice of Old King Brady.

"There is one who believes in that man's innocence. Before the rope shall be placed about his neck the guilty party shall stand in this court room."

The sensation caused by this dramatic statement was intense.

Almost as mysteriously as they had appeared the two detectives vanished.

None who went from the court room that day felt satisfied with the result of the trial.

Many shook their heads and said:

"It is hard to tell. He may be innocent, spite of the evidence."

"But what about the bloody coat?"

"Oh, the real criminal could have done that to clear his own skirts. He ought not to be sentenced to death upon such evidence."

Others would say:

"He is a shrewd, cunning villain. He should stretch hemp, and the sooner the better."

## CHAPTER V.

### SHARP DETECTIVE WORK.

BOTH Old and Young King Brady were firmly convinced of Harvey Hale's innocence.

If he had been guilty he would not have been so rash as to have made the statement which he did in the court room after the trial.

They were determined to clear the young secretary.

Old King Brady visited him in his cell.

He had a long and close conversation with Harvey.

When he went forth, the old detective had before him a clear and preconceived course of action.

"We will wing the villain before many days," he muttered, "or I shall miss my guess."

Old King Brady had fastened his suspicions upon Caroline Shirley.

Young King Brady agreed with him. Somehow they could not but believe that she was guilty in some manner of complicity in the crime.

But they did not assume that she had done the deed with her own hands.

It was too desperate and hard a job for a weak woman.

But it was certain that she knew something about it.

So they began to follow up this one, solitary clew.

Their first move was to find the permanent abiding place of the woman.

Then the next thing in order was to learn as much as possible of her habits.

In this manner the Bradys believed it would not be difficult to discern whether there was any chance to gain material in that direction.

They were unexcelled as shadows.

Indeed, it was this remarkable propensity which had won for them many a hard-fought case.

They learned that the usual residence of the woman was in Forty-second street.

It was a dark, lonesome-appearing house, the doors and blinds of which seemed always closed.

There was a strange air of mystery about the place. Men were seen to go in and out.

But they were in all cases different ones each day.

The door opened and closed behind them stealthily.

Indeed, it was certain that they always entered the house by stealth.

Any effort to look in through the windows was futile.

When the blinds were open, heavy damask curtains hid the interior.



The more the detectives pondered upon the matter, the more mystified they became.

"I do not understand it," Young King Brady muttered. "In my humble estimation, that is a queer house, to say the least."

"Wait and watch," said Old King Brady.

For several days the detectives watched the mansion.

Just three times in that length of time, was Caroline Shirley seen to go in and out.

Once she was accompanied by a tall, swarthy-featured man.

He had peculiar black eyes and the air of a foreigner.

The detectives noted him well.

In some way they felt that this man was destined to figure strongly in their operations in the future.

"We will shadow him," muttered Old King Brady.

In vain, however, the detectives tried to probe the mystery of the house. They could not catch the servants off their guard. Not even the butcher boy or the groceryman could give them any clew.

One of these was artfully interrogated.

"I don't know anythin' about them people," the fellow replied. "I never was in their house in my life."

"But don't you take provisions there?" asked Young King Brady, astutely.

"I reckon I does."

"Who takes the goods?"

"The cook, an' she's a mighty uncivil piece, too."

"Then she don't ask you in to sit down a moment?" asked Old King Brady, quizzically.

"Not a bit of it."

"Rather uncivil, you say?"

"You bet!"

This was all the detectives could learn.

They were baffled. It was a deep game they were playing.

Once they detected the gleam of a gas jet through the damask curtains.

This was in broad daylight and it was a revelation.

It certainly would seem to prove the fact the house was purposely darkened to baffle outside watchers.

For four days the detective shadowed the house when they received an astounding surprise.

Old King Brady's post of vantage had been the corner of an area from whence he fancied he could see the house and not be seen. Young King Brady haunted a doorway opposite.

Upon the fifth day when Old King Brady returned to the area, he noted a slip of paper pinned to the wall.

He drew near to it and read with curiosity and astonishment:

"THE TWO BRADYS:—Perhaps you like the fun of watching my house. If you do, keep it up. I have no objections. I must say, though, that I consider you the dullest pair of fools I ever knew. Accept my contempt.  
Yours, C. S."

The detectives were dumfounded and not a little chagrined.

They realized that they had been spotted.

"Upon my word," muttered Old King Brady, "I never suspected that. I rather think we have a shrewd woman to deal with."

And the old detective was right.

Events in the future were to prove that clearly enough.

There was but one thing now for them to do

This was to change their tactics.

The detectives were, however, quite undecided just how to do this.

The daring idea had occurred to them of essaying a disguise and venturing a visit to the house.

But they rejected this plan upon second thought. Young King Brady declared:

"We've got to drop this lead, for sure."

"You are right, my boy," agreed Old King Brady. And this was done.

They did not go near the house again that day. But in the evening fortune played them a good turn.

Both were just emerging from the doorway of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when they saw a woman pass by.

It was Caroline Shirley.

At once they glided after her.

Down the street they shadowed her.

Old King Brady took one side of the street and Young King Brady the other. The woman struck into Broadway and kept down to Fourteenth street.

Along this latter thoroughfare she continued at a leisurely walk.

Towards the East River she was making her way.

The detectives followed her closely.

They were wondering all the while what her purpose was.

Past the shops she went, and then a long ways across the avenues, until in the neighborhood of the wharves.

This was an unusual locality for a richly-dressed woman like her to be seen in.

The detectives wondered at it.

They exchanged signals.

However, there was nothing to do but to continue following her. Time would explain all.

She finally crossed the street, and with a glance about to make sure she was not observed, she slipped behind a pile of old lumber.

The detectives experienced a thrill, though they were in a quandary as to what her game was.

But this mattered little as yet.

They must keep close on the trail.

Young King Brady glided across the street just above where she disappeared.

He passed on the other side of the boards.

The wharf was piled with heaps of merchandise and truck, which lay before him.

It was now well into evening and the place was deserted.



The longshoremen had probably gone home from their work for the day hours before.

Young King Brady saw the woman walk very slowly down the wharf.

She seemed like one walking in a trance in the dim light on the wharf.

To the wharf was moored a boat of the schooner type, a rough-looking sort of craft.

There was a light in the cabin of this vessel.

The detective could hear the sound of voices and laughter in this cabin.

To his surprise Caroline Shirley walked from the wharf onto the schooner's deck.

Then she passed down the stairs into the cabin.

Her appearance seemed to be greeted heartily by the inmates.

The detective was interested.

"What sort of a hocus-pocus is that, anyway," he muttered.

He was anxious to see the interior of the cabin.

This desire led him perhaps to overstep the bounds of prudence.

He looked about him.

There was certainly nobody in sight upon the wharf or on the deck of the schooner.

The coast seemed clear.

All was safe.

At least so he thought.

He crept cautiously from the wharf to the schooner's deck.

A moment more and he would have been at the cabin window.

But in that moment a startling thing happened.

The deck seemed to give way under him and he shot down into space.

It was to the young detective as if he had stood upon a trapdoor and it had given way beneath him.

Down he went into a glare of light and tumbled headlong among the occupants of the cabin.

The trap had been fixed in such a way that Young King Brady's weight carried him right through.

He struck the cabin floor in a heap.

But he was upon his feet in a trice. In that moment he realized that he had made a possible mistake in venturing upon the schooner alone, and wondered if Old King Brady was behind him. Then followed a tableau worthy of an artist.

The young detective stood in the presence of three men.

Two of them were rough-looking sailors, and the third was the dark, swarthy fellow whom Young King Brady had seen so often at the Forty-second street house.

They were seated at a table, and in a chair nearer the stairway sat Caroline Shirley.

Every eye was upon the young detective.

But singularly enough not one of the party moved or seemed particularly surprised.

Young King Brady stood staring at them, too bewildered to collect his scattered senses.

His first sensation was that of chagrin.

For a moment not one of the schooner's party moved.

Then one and all burst into peals of uproarious laughter.

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN DURANCE VILE.

THERE was an ironical smile upon Caroline Shirley's face, which stung the young detective with anger at himself for his clownishness.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the swarthy villain. "What a neat little trap, and how easily the keen hawk falls into it. Ha, ha, ha! So very keen—so cute."

All roared with this.

Young King Brady smarted with rage and chagrin. Yet he did not speak.

Neither did he move.

Caroline spoke sarcastically:

"Well, my clever detective, to what do we owe this visit?"

Young King Brady could not reply.

So crestfallen was he that he could have yielded to an inclination to creep out of the place.

His tongue seemed tied.

"This is a most singular intrusion," said the woman, sardonically. "What do you want here?"

Young King Brady recovered himself.

"I did not mean to descend into this place quite so suddenly," he declared, with a mocking gesture. "Your deck is not very stable."

"It was made to entrap just such gulls as you."

"Indeed! then your business is such that you have to surround yourself with traps to prevent eavesdropping."

"To prevent sneaks like you from overhearing us," sneered the woman. "Perhaps your occupation is a legitimate one, but I call it sneaking."

"A detective has to resort to any lawful artifice to gain his ends," replied Young King Brady, quietly. "We have to vanquish fire with fire."

"Mebbe ye call it lawful ter trespass on a man's property," blurted out the red-faced ruffian at the table. "I've a mind ter shoot ye."

The brute looked as if he might execute the threat.

But his companion on the other side of the table remonstrated.

"Hold on, Bruiser Bill!" he said. "Listen to Big Hank. Don't go using any firearms!"

"Put up your pistol!" said the swarthy-faced man sternly.

"What's that ter you, Karl Kenyou?"

"It's business to me."

"It's none of yer business."

"Ain't it!" roared the man named Karl Kenyou. "I show you——"

But the woman put up her hand.



"Stop, Karl!" she said, authoritatively. "Bruiser, keep your mouth shut."

It was evident that her word was law with them.

They at once subsided.

"All right, Carrie," said Kenyou, humbly. "Go ahead!"

Caroline Shirley again addressed the detective.

"Young King Brady, why are you tracking me, and where is your partner?"

The young detective gazed squarely at the woman and replied:

"He is near at hand. We know you to be a suspicious character."

She shrugged her shoulders.

A laugh rippled from her lips.

"That is a distinction."

"Yes, it is."

"Why am I suspicious?"

"Your ways are strange. You keep peculiar company, and there are reasons for my believing you an object of distrust."

Her lip curled.

"Well, I am certainly glad to know your opinion of me."

"You have it."

"And that is why you are tracking me?"

"Partly."

"Well, now that you have settled that point, what are you going to do about it?"

"Time will tell."

"Oh, then it is a waiting case, eh?"

"As you please."

"I think I understand."

"Do you?"

"Yes, you believe that I am implicated in Quickley's murder?"

Young King Brady made quick reply.

"I do."

The woman's eyes flashed.

"Then you really suspect me?"

"I do."

"What grounds have you?"

"You can best answer that yourself. Your conduct has convinced me."

The woman bit her lips and seemed in a towering rage.

"Well," she said, finally, "I can give you to understand that you are barking up the wrong tree."

"Indeed."

"Yes, indeed! More than that, I can tell you who is the guilty party."

"Ah!"

"It is that young secretary."

"That is where we differ," said Young King Brady, coolly.

"We must expect to do that. But what do you expect to gain by shadowing me so constantly?"

"Evidence."

"Of what?"

"Of your complicity in the murder of Denton Quickley."

"You will have me guilty anyway. That is not logic."

"To my mind it is logic," replied Young King Brady, calmly.

"Well, hev you people done talking?" blurted out Bruiser Bill. "I'd like ter put my oar in."

Caroline nodded her head.

"Don't go to blustering, Bill," she said, admonishingly.

"Not by a durn sight," replied the 'longshoreman, "but I'd like to ax that skulking cuss what in thunder right he had ter come aboard my vessel."

Young King Brady gave the villain a glance which made him wince.

"A detective's right," he replied.

"Detective be hanged! I tell ye I'll make a detective out of ye."

"Thet's right, Bill!" cried the other 'longshoreman, Big Hank.

Karl Kenyou rose to his feet.

"Hold on, boys!" he said; "say no more. I'll settle matters with this interloper."

The 'longshoremen fell back.

Young King Brady felt the snaky eyes of the villain upon him.

But he did not flinch.

"You detectives are known as the two Bradys, are you not?"

"We are," replied Young King Brady, coolly.

"What did you come aboard this schooner for?"

"To shadow that woman."

"Well, you made a failure, didn't you?"

"Perhaps so this time," said the young detective, calmly, "but I will make no mistake next time."

He started toward the stairway.

But in a flash three deadly revolvers covered him.

"Sit down, Mr. Brady," said Karl Kenyou, rigidly.

"I haven't done with you yet. Your partner will be along shortly."

Young King Brady looked at the revolvers.

He made another move.

"Hold," thundered Kenyou. "We will shoot if you dare to move again."

The young detective saw that he was cornered.

He changed his tactics.

"What are you keeping me here for?" he asked.

Kenyou laughed sardonically.

"That is a good question to ask," he said. "Why should we not keep you here?"

"What do you want of me?"

"But very little—your life."

Not a muscle in Young King Brady's face quivered. He was cool.

"My life?"

"Yes, you are not to go from this schooner alive."

The two ruffians arose and went to the foot of the stairway.

For once in his life Young King Brady was alarmed. He saw that he was in a desperate trap.

His life was at the mercy of these miserable wretches.



What could he do?

It was a misfortune.

How could he retrieve it?

Certainly not by any rash move.

He saw that his only method was to remain calm and tractable for the time.

Meanwhile, he would be looking all the while for an opportunity. Perhaps Old King Brady was even now devising a method for his rescue and the entrapping of the villain.

"Don't you know that that would be murder?" he asked.

"No; it would be conferring a favor upon all mankind," said Kenyou, with a dry laugh.

"But why do you want my life?" asked the young detective.

"Because we fear you."

"If you are innocent you need not fear me."

"There is another reason; we hate you."

"Ah!"

"It is a part of our vows to put you out of the way. Bill, get the rope and tie him."

Bruiser Bill was about to execute this order, when a startling thing happened.

There was a creak and a crash, and the same treacherous section of the schooner's deck gave way, and just as Young King Brady had done, another form fell into the cabin.

It was Old King Brady.

The old detective had set out to follow Young King Brady. He had tracked him on to the schooner's deck.

What had become of him after that he did not know. It was, therefore, an easy matter for him to drop into the same trap.

What followed was swift and startling.

Bruiser Bill had covered Young King Brady with a revolver, while the other villains pounced upon Old King Brady.

In a moment he was helpless.

Bound and in the midst of his captors, the old detective now took in the situation.

Mocking jibes were hurled into his face, and the villains roared with laughter. It was their triumph. The two Bradys were in the power of the foe.

It was a serious outlook for them.

Old King Brady realized it.

A feeling of bitter despair assailed him.

"Now," said Kenyou, with a scornful laugh, "let me tell you two detectives a thing or two. We have been onto you for a long time."

Old King Brady smiled blandly.

"That is to your credit," he said, tersely.

"We know that you are our worst enemies, and we mean to rid ourselves of you both. While you were shadowing Caroline, she knew it, and led you here on purpose to trap you."

"Indeed," said Old King Brady, ironically. "I admire her shrewdness. What are you going to do with us?"

"We are going to take you out into the harbor and

sink you. The world will know the two Bradys no more. With a hundred fathoms of water over them they will not be apt to play sneak again."

"Then you really mean to take our lives?"

"We do."

Already the boat was heard to swing clear of the wharf. The longshoremen were putting her out.

The detectives experienced a thrill of horror. They exchanged glances.

Instinctively they realized they were in for it. Their lives did not seem to be worth a straw.

Only Kenyou and Caroline Shirley were in the cabin. The longshoremen were on deck.

The detectives soon knew by the motion that they were out in the bay. The little craft had left her slip.

Hours passed slowly.

The schooner kept on the go all the while.

Suddenly it stopped.

"Where are we?" shouted Kenyou up the cabin stairs.

"We're somewhere off Long Branch," was the reply. "What's up?"

"Lay to and drop anchor, then come down and help toss these fellows overboard. They must never go back to New York alive."

The boat soon rode at anchor.

Then down the cabin stairs came Bruiser Bill and Big Hank to take care of the prisoners and carry out their terrible purpose.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A SWIM FOR LIFE.

THE two Bradys had been in many positions of thrilling kind.

But they had never come nearer to facing death than now.

They knew that the villains meant to take their lives.

Resistance was impossible.

But there was a chance.

While the schooner had been making its way down the bay, Young King Brady had been busy tugging at his bonds.

His feet were free, not having been bound. The same with Old King Brady.

But if they were thrown into the ocean with their hands tied so securely there would absolutely be no hope for them. Old King Brady could not swim.

This, no doubt, the villains had counted upon.

The schooner was lying in a heavy swell.

But a few minutes before the schooner had been brought to, Young King Brady had succeeded in freeing his wrists.

He could easily draw his hands out of the rope now.

But he did not do so.

He knew that this would be foolish.



His captors would quickly bind him again, and his chance for life would surely be lost.

He allowed his wrists to remain in the same position.

His first thought had been to throw off the rope, grab a pistol on the table, and make a fight.

But on second thought he decided not to do so.

It did not promise them the slightest chance for life.

There was a better way, he told himself. He would wait.

He was a good swimmer himself.

He realized that there was a good chance for him to keep afloat long enough to be picked up or get ashore, and he would try to keep Old King Brady up also. It was a desperate hope, but the only one left him.

Moreover, if their lives should be spared in this way, their chances for solving the murder mystery would be better than ever.

The belief that they were dead would disarm the gang.

Therefore it was not wholly with hopelessness that Young King Brady heard his foes coming down the stairs.

Bruiser Bill and Big Hank descended into the cabin.

Kenyou and Caroline Shirley had been holding a whispered conversation.

Kenyou turned about.

"Lead them up, boys, and throw them overboard."

"Shall we rap them on the head?"

"No."

"They might swim."

"But they can't with their hands tied. They will go to the bottom like lead."

"All right, boss."

The prisoners were led up the cabin stairs.

"Farewell to the Bradys!" called out Caroline, tauntingly. "I wish you a pleasant trip over Jordan."

The detectives did not reply.

Young King Brady simulated faintness.

"Come up, ye fool!" roared Big Hank, giving the young detective a jerk.

They reached the deck now.

"Ye take one an' I'll take t'other, Hank."

"All right!"

The two giant 'longshoremen stood behind the detectives.

Before them was the edge of the schooner's deck, a part of the rail having been removed.

Behind the detectives the villains stood. One push, and they would be hurled into the dark, swirling waters below.

"Now—one, two, three!"

Out into the darkness shot the forms of the two detectives.

There was a great splash in the water.

The two villains strained their eyesight to see if the victims came up.

But the darkness was too intense to see. The schooner was quickly held before the wind, and left the detectives to their fate.

The detectives' sensations as they shot out into the air were thrilling.

Young King Brady had released his hands, however, before he struck the water.

Down he went for some feet under the surface.

He came up like a cork, however.

He floated easily.

Being an expert swimmer, he was not at all alarmed. But he looked for Old King Brady. He raised himself upon a wave and tried to look about him.

The darkness was intense.

But fortune favored him and he saw dimly the form of the old detective near him. He instantly reached his side.

"Save yourself, Harry," said the old detective. "Let me go."

"Never!" cried Young King Brady.

He had managed to draw a knife from his pocket. How he ever did it he never knew, but he succeeded in cutting Old King Brady's bonds.

It was an awful position.

A man less courageous or hardy of spirit than Young King Brady would have succumbed. But he threw an arm under the old detective and held him afloat while he swam desperately.

It was a hard fight.

At times his strength seemed giving out.

Far in the distance, when the waves lifted him, he could see the glimmer of lights.

He swam towards them steadily.

He reckoned rightly that they were the lights of Long Branch.

"If I can reach the shore," he reflected, "we will live to make it troublesome for Caroline Shirley yet."

But the strain soon began to tell upon him. Human endurance seemed to have reached its limit.

Old King Brady begged him to leave him. But the young detective would not.

The lights seemed but little nearer.

A cramp had taken him in the side, and Young King Brady began to fear the worst.

But suddenly he had struck an object in the water.

It was a heavy piece of plank.

He experienced a thrill of joy.

Old King Brady was enabled to cling to it, and Young King Brady was relieved of the deadly weight.

The young detective now did not believe that the shore was far away.

Listening intently, he plainly heard the roar of breakers.

This gave him renewed hope.

He clung to the supporting plank and rested for awhile. Then he began to swim again. The tide was drifting them in.



Young King Brady's strength was renewed, and he swam strongly.

Every moment now the sound of the breakers became plainer.

They were surely drawing nearer to the shore.

"We shall live," he muttered, feverishly. "Fortune is with us."

On he swam.

Louder grew the roar of the breakers.

Suddenly they felt themselves in them. Young King Brady's feet touched the sandy bottom.

The next moment the two detectives staggered ashore.

With spent energies they dragged themselves out of the surf, and high and dry upon the beach.

There they lay, quite overcome with the tremendous exertion.

It was some time before they were in a measure recovered.

Then they arose and looked about.

Old King Brady embraced the young detective effusively.

"You have saved my life, Harry," he said. "I shall never forget it."

They could hear the sounds of music and knew that the town was not far away.

Their first act was to remove their soaked clothing.

They wrung them as dry as possible.

The sea wind soon helped to dry them in a measure.

Fortunately it was a warm night.

Donning their clothes again the appearance of the detectives was improved.

It would have required close scrutiny to have detected the fact that they had been in the water.

In this fashion they went up into the town.

There was a small hotel on a back street of a respectable kind, and here they secured a room.

Exhausted, both tumbled into bed.

The next morning, after refreshing slumber, the detectives arose and went out upon the street.

They each purchased a suit of clothes and the material for a disguise.

In the room they effected a marvelous change.

A chemical preparation changed the color of the hair temporarily.

The skin of each in hue was altered by a secret cosmetic.

Then they donned fresh clothes, and made some alterations to change somewhat their general features.

It would have been hard to identify the blonde-haired, shrewd-looking merchant with Young King Brady, the alert detective, or the bewhiskered rustic with the older detective.

The detectives then rang the bell, sent down for their bill by a porter, and paid it.

Later they managed to slip out of the house.

They were unseen by the proprietor, and nobody was therefore the wiser for their change of personnel.

The two Bradys at once made for the steamer wharf.

There they boarded a boat for New York and went directly to Forty-second street without delay.

Once more they were before the mysterious house, and as chance had it, Caroline Shirley was just entering.

Old King Brady rubbed his hands.

"Now for business," he muttered. "In some manner we must gain admission to that house."

He had a plan half formulated in his mind.

For some while they loitered about the vicinity of Bryant Park.

Then both detectives were given a start.

A man was coming along Forty-second street.

It was Karl Kenyou.

The villain was smoking a good cigar, and strutting along with the air of a lord.

The detectives watched him.

Old King Brady smiled confidently.

"You are our bird," he muttered. "You shall not escape us this time."

The detectives at once proceeded to follow Kenyou.

The latter walked leisurely along Forty-second street to the Weehawken Ferry.

The Bradys walked closely behind him.

At the ticket office they heard him ask:

"When does the Guttenberg boat go?"

"It is ready now," was the reply.

Kenyou bought his ticket and passed through.

The detectives followed.

On board the boat were a gang of sports and horsemen.

They were going to the Guttenberg races, which the detectives before this had guessed was also Kenyou's destination.

The boat crossed the river.

Carriages were taken at the wharf to go to the park.

Kenyou seemed to have fallen in with a number of congenial spirits and was having a gay time.

A whisky bottle was frequently tapped and had its effect.

All this while the detectives kept a close shadow of their man.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AT THE RACES.

THERE was much talk on the subject of the winner.

One short, stout, little gambler was enthusiastic over the excellent chances of Long Jaw.

Another was ready to bet his pile on King Harry.

A third favored Kitty Clyde, and thus the talk went on.

Not being a horseman or a sport, Old King Brady was not interested. Young King Brady was quite so.

And for purposes of his own he took careful note of all that was said.



He noted the fact that Kenyou seemed to have plenty of money.

The track was finally reached.

As the grand stand was entered, a large crowd was to be seen at the bookmakers' booths.

Kenyou at once went into the betting lists.

He backed King Harry to win in the first race.

The detectives kept close to him.

When opportunity offered Young King Brady laid four to five on Long Jaw.

He did not do this with any idea of winning the money, but for a politic purpose of his own. He explained this to Old King Brady.

With the ticket in his hand he approached Kenyou.

In the betting lists it is common for one man to speak to another upon good grounds of familiarity.

The young detective said carelessly:

"It's just like picking money up, isn't it?"

"What?" asked Kenyou, shortly.

"Four to five on Long Jaw."

"I'll bet you five hundred to four hundred that he does not win."

The young detective coughed.

"You will, eh?"

"Yes, I will."

"What is your horse?"

"King Harry from the word go."

"He'll never win."

"Well, my money says so."

"I advise you to hedge. I could take your money, but I don't want it."

Kenyou seemed struck with Young King Brady's manner.

"Are you onto something?" he asked.

"You bet I am."

"What is it?"

"King Harry is not out to win. Put in enough to even you up now, or you'll be sorry for it."

"What's your choice?"

"Long Jaw."

"He's no good."

"He'll win."

"How do you know?"

"I've got the tip."

"You have?"

"Yes."

The young detective advanced nearer and lowered his voice. Old King Brady stood by.

"Look here, friend," Young King Brady said.

"Put in a thousand on Long Jaw and I'll divide up with you on the chance."

Kenyou gave him a keen glance.

"You don't look to me like a tout," he declared.

"Do you mean to insult me?"

"I beg your pardon. Well, if you want to try it, here goes."

Kenyou pulled out a roll of bills.

Young King Brady did the same.

Really the young detective had no idea at all as to which horse ought to win.

He was taking chances.

His object really was to become confidential with Kenyou.

It was a shrewd purpose.

He seemed successful.

Together the two men went into the front tier of seats.

"What's your name, friend?" asked Kenyou.

"Jack Mason," replied the young detective.

"Do you follow the races?"

"Some."

"Well, I hope you're a prophet."

"You will see."

The horses were now at the line.

Twice they scored.

King Harry showed in front.

Kenyou got uneasy.

"Look at him go!" he cried. "I like him. I tell you he'll win. I wish I hadn't hedged."

The young detective really believed himself that Kenyou was right.

But he said nothing.

If Long Jaw won he would have gained many ends.

It was a close chance.

Suddenly a great shout went up.

"They're off!"

"King Harry leads!"

"See 'em run!"

"Pretty race!"

"The jockey is waiting for the finish."

Now the horses flashed past the half-mile post.

King Harry was still leading.

Long Jaw had not showed up.

It was an exciting moment.

"My money's gone!" groaned Kenyou. "King Harry will win."

But even in that moment a horse was seen to move up out of the ruck.

King Harry was challenged.

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd.

"It is Kitty!"

"The mare will beat him!"

"He is slowing up."

It was neck and neck.

Now the upper turn was reached.

The horses were heading home.

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd.

"Kitty will win!"

In the excitement the young detective had forgotten all about Long Jaw.

But now a great stir went through the crowd.

Down next to the rail came a powerful bay horse.

He was striding like a meteor, and in one hundred yards from home was neck and neck with the leader.

"Long Jaw!"

The name rolled up like a burst of thunder.

"See Long Jaw!"

"He is leading them!"

"It will be a hot finish."

Down to the wire they ran.

The next moment they flashed by.

Long Jaw was a neck ahead.



It was a surprise to the talent.

The applause was tremendous, for nobody had supposed that Long Jaw would win.

But he did.

Perhaps the most surprised of any was Young King Brady himself. It was the first time in his life he had ever picked a winner.

It was too good to believe.

He stood like one in a daze.

He was brought to his senses by Kenyou.

The villain, with a yell, clapped him on the back.

"You're a trump, Jack Mason," he yelled.

"You've picked the winner."

Young King Brady was quick to recover.

He instantly affected a knowing air.

"I told you so," he declared.

"You were right."

"You doubted me."

"You will pardon me?"

"Oh, yes."

"Let's go and cash in," cried Kenyou, hilariously.

"As it is, by hedging I come out a couple of hundred to the good. If I had not hedged I should have been out fully a thousand."

Kenyou went down to the cashier's desk.

He returned presently with a big roll of money.

"Here we are," he cried. "We are wealthy now."

The young detective got his share and put it in his pocket. He gave Old King Brady the wink. The old detective smiled, and thought Harry was getting a bit gay.

"How did you get the tip, friend?" asked Kenyou, lighting a cigar.

The young detective was cool.

"Through a friend," he replied.

"By thunder, I'd like to know your friend!"

"Well, I may have a chance to introduce you some time."

"Will you?"

"Yes."

Kenyou thrust out his hand.

"You're a trump!" he cried.

"Thank you."

"I like you, and we'll hitch if you say so. I want a pal just now. I'm onto some good things myself."

Young King Brady was thrilled with indecision.

This was a critical point.

His game was to hang off.

"I never had a pal," he said, evasively.

"You never did?"

"No."

Kenyou thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest.

"Look here, Mason," he said, earnestly, "I'm stuck on you. I think we can hitch well. It's for you to say the word."

"I'll think of it. Let's get a little better acquainted."

The villain was staggered by the other's coolness.

But no course could have more thoroughly disarmed him.

"Just as you say," said Kenyou. "P'raps you're right. Ever travel in the West?"

"Not much."

"I have. I know every good joint west of the Rockies."

"Indeed!"

"It's a fact."

"Let's go up in the stand."

"Wait."

"What for?"

"Let's tackle the next race."

"Not much."

"What?"

"I never bet but on a sure thing."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this: that I'm not onto these other races and I should get left. I may get another tip in a day or two."

"Don't you take chances?" asked Kenyou in surprise.

"Never! Barring the falling down of my horse I always win. I wait for a straight tip and then play it."

"But why not try this race?"

"My friend," said the young detective, impressively, "I advise you to do nothing of the kind. We have cleared ourselves, now don't touch another race to-day."

Kenyou was deeply impressed.

"I will do as you say," he said.

It was evident that Young King Brady had gained a great point.

He had now the villain's respect and his confidence.

Not another bet was made.

The races were soon over.

All the while the two men had sat in the grand stand chatting, Old King Brady kept in the background.

Skillfully and cleverly the young detective played his cards.

He was every moment getting Kenyou deeper into the meshes of his net.

"Look here, Mason," said Kenyou, after the races were over, "I'd like to introduce you to my set. You play?"

"Occasionally."

"All right, come up to my house to-night, No. — West Forty-second street."

This was just what the young detective wanted.

His game was won.

But yet he knew that the point must be made doubly sure.

Therefore he very coolly replied:

"I can't to-night; really, I have a very important engagement."

"An engagement?" said Kenyou, with much disappointment.

## CHAPTER IX.

### IN THE DEN.

"I'm very sorry," said Young King Brady, coolly puffing his cigar.



"Well," said Kenyou, "when can you come?"

"Perhaps to-morrow night."

"All right!"

The young detective's ruse had worked to a charm.

He understood well enough that to thoroughly disarm his foe he must not appear too forward or eager for acquaintance.

And the success of his plans depended upon dispelling his foe's suspicions.

At the ferry landing at West Forty-second street the detective took leave of Kenyou.

Then he joined Old King Brady.

The Bradys were in high spirits as they made their way to their lodgings.

"Now?" cried Young King Brady, rubbing his hands together briskly, "we are not smart if we do not gain some substantial end."

"You played it well, Harry," said Old King Brady.

The time seemed an eternity to the detectives until the following night came.

Young King Brady made himself up cleverly in evening dress.

Then at the appointed hour sallied forth. Old King Brady was to remain on watch outside.

The young detective made his way directly to the house in Forty-second street.

Kenyou had directed him to pull the bell three times sharply.

He mounted the steps with a peculiar thrill pervading his bosom.

There was a light shining through the heavy damask curtains at the windows.

The young detective placed his hand upon the bell knob.

It was quite a risky step he was taking.

He was really invading the den of the enemy.

If they should once penetrate his disguise the end would be serious for Young King Brady, the detective.

There was no doubt but that they would murder him.

Therefore the risk was not one to be lightly considered.

However, the young detective had determined to take the chances and would not now back out.

He pulled the bell knob.

Three times he pulled it.

For some moments no sound came in response.

Then Young King Brady heard a sharp click.

The door opened before him.

All was darkness beyond.

There did not seem to be any person there to meet the visitor.

But Young King Brady remembered the directions given him by Kenyou and walked boldly in.

The door closed behind him.

Then quick as a flash the hall became illuminated.

The young detective experienced a peculiar sensation of being watched by some one concealed near.

Then suddenly a man, seemingly the butler, appeared in the hall.

"Who do you wish to see?" he asked.

Young King Brady again remembered what Kenyou had told him.

"The game," he said.

"Come this way."

The ordeal was over.

The Rubicon was crossed and the young detective now realized that he must make the best of it.

The attendant led him through a darkened room and behind a succession of high screens.

Then an astonishing sight burst upon his gaze.

This was a large room, which was richly frescoed and furnished in most opulent fashion.

Fully a dozen tables were scattered about, at which men were playing various games of chance.

None of them paid any attention to the newcomer.

The young detective was left alone for a few moments.

He took in the scene curiously.

It had been many a day since he had gazed upon a scene like this.

He knew of no more extensive den than this in the metropolis.

Men were playing with all the fever and force of confirmed gamblers.

Money was heaped upon the tables in great piles.

Suddenly Young King Brady saw Kenyou approaching him.

The gambler came up to him with a delighted manner.

"I'm glad you came," he cried. "Let me introduce you to some of my friends."

"Most happy," said the young detective.

He was led to a far corner of the room, where two men sat at a table.

One was tall, slim and foreign-looking. The other was a fat German.

"Gentlemen," said Kenyou, politely, "allow me to introduce you to a friend. Mr. Mason, allow me; Mr. Goatcher and Count Palenski."

They bow politely.

Young King Brady felt that he was in queer company.

But he kept cool and discreet.

All sat down at the table, and Kenyou dealt the cards.

Now Young King Brady was familiar with cards, quite familiar.

Once, while in San Francisco, a noted gambler had showed him many sharp tricks.

Really, he could play with the keenest. But not being in that line, it was seldom that he had occasion to do so.

But to fleece the present company out of a few hundred, the young detective deemed no crime. He knew Old King Brady would have frowned at this, but Old King Brady was not present.

So his eyes twinkled as he sat down.

He did not believe that any man present was versed in the tricks that he knew.



The game was simple draw poker with a ten-dollar limit.

Kenyou dealt the cards.

The game progressed evenly for a few hands.

Kenyou was very talkative.

It was evident that he had been taking a little wine.

Thus far all had won and the game was about even.

When the next hand was dealt Young King Brady smiled.

He deemed it a good time to put in some fine work.

It chanced to be his deal.

He manipulated the cards cleverly, and to his satisfaction.

Kenyou was the first to lay a wager.

"I will go five dollars on my hand," he said.

Count Palenski raised him to ten dollars.

The young detective was cool, and with a smile, said:

"Let us lay aside the limit this time, gentlemen. I will raise the wager to one hundred."

The others stared.

"I am out," said Goatcher.

"I will stay in," said Palenski, boldly, "and raise you fifty."

"I will stay," said Kenyou, recklessly, "and go you two hundred better."

Young King Brady now had the privilege of calling.

He did so.

"I will call you," he said, laying down the money.

Hands were displayed.

Palenski had three kings and two jacks, Kenyou had three aces and two queens.

"Mine!" cried the villain, exultantly.

"Wait," said Young King Brady, coolly.

He laid four tens upon the table.

A pin could have been heard to drop.

Count Palenski smiled in a sickly way. Goatcher chuckled.

"I'm glad I stayed out," he cried.

"Yours is the boodle," said Kenyou, to the young detective. "I don't kick."

Young King Brady coolly pocketed his gains.

As he did so he noted a queer expression upon Palenski's face.

The young detective was keen.

He was an adept at reading human nature. At once he reflected.

"He is nigh broke and will try a scheme this time."

So Young King Brady watched him narrowly and saw him palm two aces while engaged in dealing.

The young detective was on his guard.

Kenyou was reckless again.

"I'll bet two hundred on my hand," he cried.

"Who will raise it?"

"I am out," said Goatcher.

"So am I," said the young detective.

Young King Brady knew better than to bet against Palenski's aces.

The Hungarian leaned over the table and said in a dreamy way:

"Two hundred did you say, monsieur? I will raise it fifty."

"Fifty better."

"One hundred more!"

"Fifty beyond!"

"I'll see you."

"How much?"

"Fifty more."

"I'll call you."

Down went the cards upon the table. It was a thrilling moment.

"Mine!" cried Kenyou.

Then his face darkened.

He had felt sure of the pot.

He had displayed four kings.

But Palenski with an exasperating smile placed upon the table four aces!

For a moment dead silence reigned.

"Four aces," said Kenyou, in a constrained way.

Then he picked up the residue of the pack.

He flung it across to Goatcher.

"Look it over," he said.

"What?" roared Palenski, springing up. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Easy," said Kenyou, with a cold glare in his eyes.

"Wait until after Goatcher reports. If I am wrong I'll apologize."

"You hound," gritted Palenski. "Do you accuse me of cheating?"

"Look over the pack, Goatcher," said Kenyou, steadily.

The sturdy German was engaged in this. Young King Brady kept his own counsel.

But Palenski, with a savage oath, tried to dash the cards from Goatcher's hands.

"Curse you," he gritted. "You insult me. I have fairly won. The money belongs to me."

"Stop where you are," cried the German. "How is dot? Maybe you can explain dot, eh?"

He threw two aces down.

Six aces in one pack was a little inconsistent. The expression upon Palenski's face was a frightful one.

Kenyou arose and glared at him.

"Well," he gritted, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"I have played fair."

"You lie!"

Palenski was livid.

"Again you insult me!" he hissed. "In my country we kill for that."

"You dare not resent it."

Palenski very slowly drew his gloves from his pocket.

Then, with a quick motion, he drew them sharply across Kenyou's face.

It was a stinging blow.

That settled it.

The villain was upon his feet in a moment, and let out from the shoulder.



Palenski staggered, but recovered, and drew a wicked-looking knife.

There was murder in his lurid gaze as he rushed upon his hated foe.

## CHAPTER X.

### A PROPOSED DUEL.

YOUNG KING BRADY had all this while stood inactive.

Now he saw, however, that a crime most awful might mar the occasion.

Palenski was rushing furiously upon Kenyou.

The Hungarian was deadly in earnest.

His hot blood was fired.

He would kill Kenyou.

This the young detective did not like to think of.

He had no love for Kenyou, but he had use for him yet, and did not propose to see him murdered.

He gave one glance at Goatcher.

But the fat German was stoical.

He did not seem inclined to interfere.

Young King Brady sprang up.

His mind was made up.

Palenski, with the knife uplifted, was rushing upon Kenyou.

The latter picked up a chair.

He hurled it at Palenski.

The Hungarian dodged it.

Then he sprang upon his intended victim like a tiger.

That moment might have been Kenyou's last but for the young detective.

Young King Brady leaped forward.

"Hold!" he thundered.

He struck the uplifted arm of Palenski, and the dagger went to the floor.

The Hungarian, with a mad curse, turned upon the young detective.

But Young King Brady's right hand had gone to his hip pocket.

Quick as a flash he drew a revolver.

He covered the Hungarian.

"Hands up!" he cried; "if not, you're a dead man!"

It was a startling tableau.

Every man in the room was upon his feet. The playing for a time suspended, and confusion reigned.

Palenski gazed into the deadly tube covering him.

He saw a determined face back of it.

At once his courage oozed right out of him.

Up went his hands.

"I yield, monsieur," he cried. "You are the master."

Kenyou's gaze was blazing with fury.

He was inclined to rush upon his assailant in return, but refrained as he caught the glance in Young King Brady's eye.

"Easy, friends," said the young detective, lowering

his revolver. "It would not be best to shed blood here. There is too much danger."

"Right!" cried one of the gamblers. "If they want to fight let them go outside."

"I am more than agreeable," cried Kenyou, fiercely. "Here is my card."

He flung the pasteboard down.

Palenski instantly replied:

"I am pleased to arrange a meeting with Monsieur Kenyou. My friend, Count Valari, will call upon him to-morrow."

With an extravagant bow the Hungarian made his way out of the room.

Kenyou with a cynical laugh turned to the table and began shuffling the cards.

"Let us continue our play, gentlemen," he said, "this little affair shall not disturb our serenity."

The others now all went back to their game.

The young detective sat down.

But he said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Kenyou, I will not play any more."

The villain's face clouded.

"You are in honest company now," he said.

"Ah, do not misunderstand me," said Young King Brady. "I am a trifle indisposed."

"It shall be as you say," said Kenyou.

He touched a bell.

"Bring some cordial," he said to the servant who came.

Goatcher now went to another table.

The young detective and Kenyou drank of the cordial and then lit cigars.

"Again I am under obligations to you, Mr. Mason," said Kenyou, coolly. "I shall not forget it, believe me."

"Not at all."

"You saved my life."

"Perhaps so."

"You certainly did. That scoundrel would have killed me."

"Do you believe it?"

"I know it."

"Then he is a murderous sort of fellow?"

"That is no name for it. He is a coward and a caitiff. But I'll teach him a lesson. I am a dead shot and I'll wing him."

"Look here."

"Well."

"Don't you fight."

Kenyou was astonished.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"Don't fight. You will be taking great chances and gain nothing."

"But I would proclaim myself a coward to refuse."

"Better do that. What would you gain if you defeated him?"

"A point of honor."

"Pshaw! You might kill him and that would mean a home in Sing Sing. Little honor in that."



Kenyou looked steadily at Young King Brady.

"Well, you are a philosopher, Mason," he declared.

"I believe in sense."

"You're right enough."

"I think so."

"I will consider your advice."

"Do so."

"Really, I have no desire to fight the cur."

"Then don't do it."

"But if he insists——"

"There are many ways in which it can be broken off."

"Mason, I believe you're my best friend——"

"You can trust me."

"I believe it."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a peculiar incident.

Suddenly from behind some hangings, just to the right, a woman appeared.

Young King Brady experienced a thrill.

He recognized her.

It was Caroline Shirley.

The adventuress was resplendent in evening dress and diamonds.

For a moment the young detective wondered if her keen gaze would penetrate his disguise.

She gave him a critical glance as she advanced and laid a hand upon Kenyou's arm.

It required the young detective's complete self-possession to stand it.

But he succeeded.

He plainly saw that she did not penetrate his disguise.

"Well, Carrie," said Kenyou, affectionately, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Karl," she replied, in a languid way. "I just stepped in to see what luck you were having."

The villain smiled in a sickly manner.

"Not of the best," he replied. "That dog of a Palenski cheated me out of a couple of hundred."

Caroline's eyes flashed.

"Palenski!" she exclaimed, with a shrug of her shoulders; "has he been here?"

"He has," replied Kenyou, "and I caught him in the act of cheating."

"He should be debarred from this house!"

"I would have done that long ago, but I feared he would betray us to the police."

"Well, what did you do about it?"

"I accused him of it."

"And he——"

"He tried to murder me. But for Mr. Mason here he would have done it."

Caroline turned her gaze upon Young King Brady.

The young detective arose to his feet.

"Pardon me," exclaimed Kenyou. "Allow me to introduce you. Miss Shirley, this is my friend, Mr. Mason."

Caroline bowed stiffly.

"I am glad to meet Miss Shirley," said the young detective with marked politeness.

Caroline's manner relaxed a little.

"Anybody who is Mr. Kenyou's friend is mine," she said.

"I am honored," said the young detective.

"And you can bet that he is a good friend of mine, Caroline," cried Kenyou, heartily, slapping the young detective on the back.

Caroline smiled charmingly.

"We hope to see much of you, Mr. Mason," she said.

"That wish is reciprocated," rejoined Young King Brady, gallantly.

Kenyou laughed.

"Oh, I tell you Mason is a courtier," he cried. "You will fall in love with him yet, Caroline, as I have."

She laughed merrily.

"I hope we shall be good friends," she rejoined.

The young detective saw shrewdly that he had gained her good graces.

He felt much encouraged.

He could see no reason why his efforts crowned with such success should not bear good fruit.

"Well," said Caroline after awhile, "what was the result of your affair with Palenski?"

"I challenged him."

Caroline gave a sharp cry.

"Challenged him?"

"Yes."

"To fight a duel?"

"Just so."

"But—you shall not."

There was distress in Caroline's voice. The young detective saw the truth in an instant. She really loved Kenyou.

The villain laughed.

"Then you don't agree?" he said.

"No."

"You are as bad as Mason here. He says I shall not fight."

"And you shall not! What if you should get killed?"

"I am a dead shot."

"But that would be just as bad. The law would be upon you."

"Well, maybe you're right," agreed Kenyou. "I'll fix Palenski in some other way. Sit down, Caroline, and have some wine."

"No, Karl," said the woman, sharply. "I want to see you upon a very important matter. Will you come with me?"

Kenyou turned to Young King Brady.

"Will you excuse me?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Come again to-morrow night."

"All right."

"Don't fail."

"I will drop in again."

Kenyou and the woman disappeared behind an inner door.

The young detective arose to his feet.



He was decided to leave the place.

He would have liked much to have followed the two schemers back of that door and listened to their conversation.

But that was not possible.

He was well satisfied with his night's work.

He had gained much.

Certainly he had succeeded in gaining the confidence of both his birds.

It would seem easy now to gradually work into their plans.

Then, when he had the reins in his own hands, would be the time to strike.

Whether Kenyou was directly connected with the Quickley murder or not he could not say.

He firmly believed that the woman was, however. Time would tell.

He left the house.

Once out upon the street in the cool air, he was enabled to think over matters more clearly. He was at once joined by Old King Brady.

"Well, Harry, what luck?" asked the old detective.

So deeply engrossed did the two detectives become in discussing the affair in the Kenyou house, that they gave little heed as to where their footsteps were taking them. Street after street was passed in this manner.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE SECOND MURDER.

THE detectives were plunged in the deepest of speculation. Young King Brady recited his experiences in detail.

They were suddenly brought out of their abstraction in a most startling manner.

Young King Brady was jostled roughly, and some men scurried past him.

They were talking loudly.

"What is it, Jim?"

"A man in the water."

"Drowned?"

"Oh, yes; Jerry said likely he'd been in the water a week. Thar's a big cut on his head as if he'd been foully dealt with."

The two detectives were aroused.

It was natural enough that they should be interested in this sort of an affair.

In their walk they had reached the neighborhood of the wharves upon the North River.

They saw by the glare of an electric light a great crowd upon the wharf.

"Some poor soul has passed in his accounts," said Old King Brady.

"Let us see about it," said Young King Brady.

They had little faith that it was anybody that they knew.

Yet they were impelled to cross the street and look at the hapless victim.

A crowd of men were gathered about the corpse.

It lay upon a water-soaked piece of canvas, and had been discovered floating in the dock by one of the wharfmen.

The light of the lanterns fell in sickly hue upon the pallid face.

The victim was a man of large frame, good stature and a clear cut cast of features.

Upon his forehead was a long, livid cut, as though he had received a heavy blow.

Old King Brady advanced nearer.

A couple of officers were making an examination of the dead man.

They were just searching his pockets.

They had drawn out a number of water-soaked papers.

Old King Brady drew nearer and spoke in a low tone to one of the officers.

"Hello, Simmonds!"

"Old King Brady," gasped the officer, "they have had a story about that you were dead."

"Do I look like it?"

"No, but what a disguise you've got. I shouldn't have known you but for your voice."

"I am glad to know my disguise is so perfect."

"What luck are you having?"

"Very good."

"I'm glad of that. Hard case this, isn't it?"

"I think so."

"Looks like a man who had figured in the upper ten."

"I agree with you," said Old King Brady. "Is there nobody here to identify him?"

"No; we are going to take him over to the morgue, but thought it best to look through his pockets."

As Simmonds said this he held up some of the water-soaked papers to the light of the lantern.

"Ah!" he muttered, with a start, "there's a letter addressed to—can you read it?"

Old King Brady keenly scrutinized the blurred handwriting. Young King Brady's eyes were keener.

"'Burton Henshaw, New York City,'" he read.

Then both gave a gasping cry.

Down upon their knees they went and scrutinized the features of the dead man.

"My God!" cried Young King Brady; "I can identify this poor fellow."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the officer; "you don't mean it?"

"Why, upon my life, it is Burton Henshaw! Another mystery!" cried Old King Brady.

"A mystery!" exclaimed Simmonds, in a puzzled way. "What do you mean, anyway?"

"Why, this is the very chap that was supposed to have been the last person to see old Quickley alive. He is the man we have been looking for for weeks, believing that he could furnish the key to the mystery of that murder."



Simmonds, aghast, looked at Old King Brady in a steady manner.

"I recall now," he said slowly; "this is surely Burton Henshaw."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"Was—it murder?"

Simmonds shrugged his shoulders.

"Judge for yourself," he said. "Did you see that cut upon the head?"

Old King Brady bent down and examined the wound.

There was no manner of doubt but that it was a murderous blow which had caused it.

Old King Brady rose to his feet.

He plucked the officer by the sleeve.

"Look here, Simmonds," he said. "I want to speak to you."

"Well?"

"Not a word to anybody that you have seen us here to-night."

"All right."

"You know who the murdered man is. Have him taken to the Morgue and then make some kind of a stir to find the murderer. Do you see?"

"Yes."

"But don't mention me."

"What is the game?"

"Keep low and you shall see. If we have good luck, we will land the murderer before many days."

The officer nodded.

"I will do just as you say, Old King Brady," he said, "and I hope you'll have good luck."

"I think we shall succeed."

"Good."

The two detectives glided away.

At this moment the coroner's wagon arrived, and the body was placed in it to be taken to the morgue.

The inevitable reporter was on hand, however, and he managed adroitly to get at the facts.

The morning dailies came out with startling headlines.

The report of the finding of the body of Burton Henshaw in the North River created a tremendous sensation.

Here was a new and startling phase of the Quickley case.

Henshaw had at first been suspected of the murder, as will be remembered.

Indeed, it was the hope of many that he would be found alive and forced to confess, so that young Hale might be cleared, for sympathy was yet with the young secretary.

It was a significant coincident that Karl Kenyou had come on from the West at the same time that Henshaw had.

Henshaw had been a visitor at Quickley's. He had business interests with the dead banker.

He lived while in New York at the Grenoble Hotel. The detective paid a visit to the place, and with guarded inquiry made an important discovery.

Kenyou was known to have visited Henshaw quite often. It was a settled fact that an acquaintance existed.

The shrewd detectives made a note of this. Their suspicions were at once directed towards Kenyou.

The motive was not clearly defined.

But time would accomplish this. Distant relatives now appeared to claim the body.

But a new phase was presented.

Somewhat singularly, not a bit of his property could be found.

All his papers and private effects had mysteriously disappeared.

It was known that he had the title to a very profitable gold claim, somewhere in the West.

But even this was missing.

Barely enough was found to pay his burial expenses.

The Bradys learned all this, and it strengthened their conclusions.

They could not think of associating any other than Karl Kenyou with the crime.

It was certainly some person who was conversant with Henshaw's private affairs. If not Kenyou, who could have a possible motive for the deed?

Who that person was remained to be discovered.

The two Bradys were now handicapped.

They had not really the time to spare just now to follow up any other case than the Quickley murder.

Yet somehow they felt down deep that the solution of one would bring a solution of the other.

So they decided to continue the case on this assumption.

The generally accepted verdict by the public was that Henshaw had been decoyed upon the dock, and murdered by thugs for the valuables upon his person.

The Bradys now dropped the Henshaw tragedy for the time. They attended strictly to the Quickley case and speedily found their hands full.

They did not visit the Forty-second street house again right away. They waited two days.

In this time they had employed themselves looking up the confederates of Kenyou and Caroline, the two 'longshoremen, Bruiser Bill and Big Hank.

Old King Brady had a belief that they might perhaps extort some evidence from them.

So they hovered about the wharves.

They could not find a craft resembling the schooner owned by the villains. Perhaps they did not venture to dock at New York for certain politic reasons.

But fortune favored the Bradys.

While near a low dive in West street they suddenly saw their birds. The detectives watched them.

As the door of the dive was reached the villains reeled through it.

The detectives were at a safe distance behind them.

Entering the place Big Hank in a loud voice called for drinks.

He seemed to be flush.

The crowd was treated next.

A hilarious time followed.



A number of the rough 'longshoremen crowded about Hank, jesting coarsely and indulging in picturesque oaths.

The big brute seemed right in his element and repeatedly called for drinks.

The detectives mingled with the crowd and watched the scene.

The filth and foul air of the place went against their tastes.

But detectives are compelled to put up with all sorts of vulgarity or coarse scenes to gain their ends.

It was not a matter of choice, but of necessity and duty.

In the rear part of the dive there was a stage, where exhibitions of a crude sort were given by variety artists.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ROUGH WORK.

SUDDENLY a piano and violin struck up with quick music.

There was a rush for seats at the inner tables.

Big Hank was pulled into the place by several of the 'longshoremen.

The first artist to appear was a dilapidated-looking specimen of the Bowery actor.

He sang with a cracked voice, danced with bandy legs and cracked chestnut jokes in the guise of an Irish minstrel.

A burnt cork artist followed and then there appeared upon the stage one of the prima donnas of the slums.

She was possessed of a coarse type of beauty, and developed a tremendous amount of lung force before finishing the stanzas of her song.

The rude company clapped and cheered her to the echo.

The detectives hardly heard or noticed her.

They were engaged in watching their two birds with keen gaze.

Big Hank seemed deeply absorbed in his admiration of the female singer.

Suddenly he brought his fist down upon the table with a thump.

"By thunder, Bill!" he roared, "I know thet ar gal. I used ter go ter skule with her up in New Haven!"

"Ye do?" exclaimed Bruiser.

"Yas, but I never 'lowed she'd make an actress."

"Who is she?"

"Her name—hic—is Rosy Lee. Ah, I think I'll go up an' shake hands with her. Wait here, pard."

And straight up to the stage went Big Hank.

"Hello, Rosy Lee," he shouted. "How be ye? Don't ye remember how we used ter go ter skule together up in New Haven?"

The girl stopped singing.

The piano ceased.

The master of ceremonies, a big, bruiser-looking fellow, saw that Hank was full, and anticipated him.

"Hold on, friend," he said, tersely, "ye're stoppin' the show."

Big Hank stopped.

He was just full enough of liquor to be ugly.

He regarded the other insolently.

"What's thet ye say?" he said roughly. "Spit it out."

"I say, you're stoppin' the show," returned the master of ceremonies.

At the same time he let out with his right, and gave Big Hank one in the neck.

It staggered the 'longshoreman.

For a moment it seemed to sober him.

"Thunder!" he grunted.

Then out went his powerful fist.

There was no science displayed by either big brute.

It was simply a question of brute weight and force.

The blows were given and returned in sledge hammer fashion.

The room was instantly in an uproar.

The little proprietor with a fiery red nose ran in and tried to stop the combat.

"Stop fer goodness sake," he yelled. "Ye'll have the perlice down on us!"

"I'll hev the coward's life," roared Big Hank.

Then he proceeded to knock out the master of ceremonies in peremptory fashion.

But just as Hank was putting finishing touches to his man, a cry went up:

"Police! Police!"

It is needless to say that the room was quickly emptied.

It was a false alarm.

But this did not alter matters. The 'longshoremen found themselves again in the street.

The detectives were close behind them.

They got near enough to hear Bill say:

"I reckon we'd better make for the schooner."

"An' give up the racket?"

"Ye've had racket enough."

"Have I?"

"Of course ye hev. We don't want ter sleep in ther Tombs ter-night."

"Yer right. Set ther course an' I'll go by it."

"Then come on!"

Up West street the two 'longshoremen went, with the detectives following.

For nearly a mile they traveled on.

Darkness settled down.

Big Hank was getting a little sobered off now.

He was of that class that can carry a vast quantity of liquor and show it very little.

Suddenly the two villains turned abruptly and passed between two warehouses out upon a dingy dock.

Here, in a secluded place, the detectives saw that the schooner was moored.

It was not a spot easily located from the street.



This might have explained why the detectives had not discovered it before.

The Bradys hung back in the shadows of the dock.

The two villains went aboard.

The detectives saw them go into the cabin.

Here, for a time, they were out of sight.

When a light flashed from the cabin the detectives decided to act.

They crept from the dock upon the deck of the schooner.

The two villains were in the cabin.

They could be heard talking, but the detectives could not very well distinguish what they were saying.

The Bradys crept to the head of the cabin stairs and listened.

But this resulted in nothing.

The detectives now spent some time in vainly cogitating upon the proper move to make.

There seemed no way but to take a desperate chance and descend the cabin stairs.

This was a risky move.

But neither knew fear.

They did not hesitate.

Down the stairs they crept.

As they reached the bottom stair, they were enabled to see through a door into the inner cabin.

Here a light sat upon a table.

The two villains were there.

Big Hank was lying in a hammock, and Bruiser Bill was sitting by the cabin table smoking a pipe.

Every word could now be plainly heard by the detectives.

They ensconced themselves in a position where they could hear.

The conversation speedily became interesting to them.

"I tell ye, Hank," said Bill, "we ain't gittin' the best end of this business with Kenyou, by a long shot."

"Eh, how's that, Bill?"

"I tell ye I know it. There's the Shirley woman —"

"Well?"

"You know she's a distant relative of old Quickley's, and I heard Karl say she was goin' to set up a claim fer his money."

Big Hank ejected a quid of tobacco from his mouth.

"D'ye know what I think?"

"What?"

"Thet Shirley woman killed ther old man. She's as strong as a tiger an' ain't afeard of nothin'."

"Huh! She must have had nerve."

"She's got heaps of it."

"She didn't hire us ter do it, anyway."

"Naw! I kin tell ye somethin' else!"

"What?"

"She an' Kenyou are elected to git married. Karl told me so, and thet we might all be in Australia yet. They say Sydney's a hot place."

Bruiser Bill shook his head sagely.

"Don't want no part of it," he said. "New York's good enough for me."

"So it is if ye kin keep the peelers off. If we hadn't doused them two Bradys overboard, they'd be givin' us a heap of trouble now."

"That was a big strike. I reckon the fishes hev eat them up long since."

"Yas!"

"Doggone me, but they wor a keen lot. Ye never was safe. Thar's a few things up agin us. Thet leetle matter alone would hang us."

"And we ain't gittin' nothin' for it."

"Thet's so? We must make a strike. They must be coining money up in that big house. They do say thet all the society people of New York play in there. Karl an' ther Shirley woman are giniwine society crooks."

"Wall, if they ain't I tell ye they must pony up. We kain't keep this old boat goin' fer nothin'."

"Thet's right. Some day the perlice will git hot arter 'em an' then they'll slide down hyar an' want ter put ter sea."

"What d'ye think about findin' ther body of Henshaw in ther river?"

"Another fool job. If Karl put him outen ther way——"

"Bru'gh! Do ye think he did?"

Big Hank lowered his voice.

"Karl hes got thet gold claim title, fer he told me so. Jest keep it dark."

"Whew! thet'll make a millionaire of him."

"Wall, you bet! It's gettin' pooty nigh time to slide. Some fine mornin' thar won't be no private gambling house on Forty-second street, an' ther society crooks will give New York ther go-by. It's a deep game from ther word go."

Suddenly Big Hank gave a violent start. He glanced toward the gangway.

"Somebody's comin'," he said.

Both villains sprang up.

But a peculiar whistle sounded.

"Thet's all right," exclaimed Hank, with a breath of relief. "It's Karl."

The two detectives now found themselves in a peculiar position.

If a light should flash down the stairway they would be revealed.

They crouched back against the partition closely.

Two figures appeared at the head of the cabin stairs. As good luck had it they did not call for a light, but began at once to descend.

One was a man and the other a woman.

It was Kenyou and Caroline Shirley.

"Hello, down there!" called out Kenyou sharply.

"Hello, boss!" answered the two ruffians. "Come right along! It's all right!"

Down into the cabin went Kenyou and Caroline Shirley. They passed near enough to the Bradys to have touched them.

Greetings were exchanged between the plotters.



Then Kenyou pulled out a bottle of brandy and glasses were brought.

All drank and then Kenyou said:

"Boys, Carrie has got something to tell you. Go ahead, my dear?"

The Shirley woman leaned over the table.

"We are getting near the end," she said in a subdued tone. "Do you understand me?"

Bill and Hank tried to look wise.

"The peelers?" they asked.

"Yes. Perhaps you've heard that the body of Henshaw has been found."

"Yas!"

"That is bad. You know Karl decoyed him down onto that wharf, and thought he had done for him. But it didn't work."

Hank brought his fist down hard.

"Ye'd oughter have let us made a finish of him like we did of the two Bradys."

"So I told him. But the fact remains that the body has come up. I'm having trouble getting my claim to the Quickley estate recognized."

"How is that?" asked Hank.

"I can't tell you. But there are a good many who are disposed to dispute my rights. I may have to drop it."

"Which is all right," said Kenyou. "We've made enough out of our private gaining house to make up for that."

"Yes, and the claim in Nevada. The Henshaw gold claim."

"That's a fortune for all of us!" declared Kenyou. "I've got it solid."

"Just so!" said Caroline. "Now, Hank and Bill, we want you to go out there with us and work the claim."

"But ther schooner?" asked Hank.

"Sell it—give it away!"

Silence ensued for some moments.

Then Big Hank exclaimed:

"Is it a square deal?"

"As straight as a string."

"Whoop-la! Then ye can count on us. Eh, Bill?"

"You bet!"

"There'll be one more in the party if I can prevail on him to join us," said Kenyou.

The two ruffians looked surprised.

"Who?"

"You don't know him. He has proved himself a friend to me. His name is Jack Mason."

Young King Brady pressed the hand of Old King Brady.

Here was a cue.

In that instant the detectives had outlined their policy. It was a deep game which they must play.

But they felt sure of success.

The case was well in hand.

They had the whole story.

The guilty parties were known to them beyond all cavil. All that was necessary now was to corral the game.

The society crooks were nearing the end of their career.

They believed the Bradys dead.

No better opportunity for deep work could be afforded the detectives. They took advantage of it.

Young King Brady whispered in the old detective's ear:

"No use to stay here longer."

The two detectives crept silently up the cabin stairs.

Their next move was to leave the schooner. They presently stood on the dock.

"Well," whispered Young King Brady, "everything is coming our way."

"I should say so. What is your plan?"

"We must change our disguises. I will be Jack Mason, and you must be Monsieur St. Leon, my friend. We will accidentally meet the two, Kenyou and Caroline, out here on West street. I will rush up to them and introduce you. Then, leave the rest to me. It will be a deep game, but we will win."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### KENYOU DETAILS HIS SCHEME.

THE Bradys lost no time in carrying out this part of the plan.

They quickly changed their disguise.

Then they hovered in the shadows of a side street.

It was not long before their two birds were seen to come out of the shadows of the dock.

The detectives waited until they were upon the sidewalk.

Then laughing and chatting gayly, they swung down the side street and came suddenly face to face with Kenyou and Caroline.

The result was just what Young King Brady had expected.

With an eager cry Kenyou rushed forward.

"Mason!" he cried. "Is it you?"

"On my word!" cried Young King Brady, feigning delight. "My dear friend, Kenyou!"

"Where have you been all these days? I looked for you the next evening."

"I have been entertaining my friend, Monsieur St. Leon," replied the pseudo Mason. "Allow me to introduce you."

"So verry mooch pleased," said Old King Brady, stroking his false imperial and bowing extravagantly.

"Frog-eater!" whispered Caroline. "He's harmless. Bring him along, too."

"Eh, glad to meet monsieur!" cried Kenyou. "He is also welcome. Does he like play?"

"Does he like his life!" cried Young King Brady, gayly. "You can't drag him from the table."

"Bring him along!" cried Kenyou. "Come, we will all take a carriage."

"It shall be as you say," said Young King Brady, readily. "We are at your service."



A carriage was called.

The four entered it.

Jack Mason was gay and Monsieur St. Leon bright and funny in his French way. In due time Forty-second street was reached.

At this early hour few of the patrons of the place had as yet put in an appearance.

But Kenyou and Caroline insisted on their guests partaking of a fine dinner.

This was served with great eclat.

The servants were all sworn attaches of the place.

They were paid high wages, and there was no fear that they would ever bring the police down on the place.

Kenyou opened bottle after bottle of champagne.

He reveled like a prince in this feast, for his two guests were to him congenial. And they took care to make themselves completely *persona grata*.

As the wine flowed the spirits of all seemed to grow exuberant.

The detectives played their part.

And they played it well.

Nero in his palmiest days could have had no worthier satellites, no greater flatterers.

Of course the Bradys did not indulge in too much wine. It was necessary for them to at all times keep their heads clear and their senses on the alert.

So they drank sparingly.

But they feigned semi-intoxication.

Caroline seemed to take an exceeding fancy to Young King Brady or Jack Mason.

Once she leaned over and whispered in his ear:

"I like you. I believe you are the sort of man to keep your word always."

Young King Brady gave her a leering glance.

"Well, you bet," he whispered. "If you ever want any help, call on me!"

"I'll remember that!"

"I'll stand by you!"

"I believe we could be friends."

"To the death!"

After this, Caroline hung about Young King Brady so much that it became noticeable to Kenyou.

But the villain only grinned.

"All right!" he chuckled. "She's a peach, Mason. You can have her if you want her! I'm feeling generous."

"Perhaps I might have something to say about that," snapped Caroline, but she gave Young King Brady a divine look.

He returned it.

But he was on his guard.

It was a deep and dangerous game.

Kenyou was now in his cups and, of course, good-natured.

But there was no assurance that he might long continue so.

And when his temper changed, then the young detective knew that there might be trouble. He might be jealous.

Old King Brady kept up his end as the vivacious Frenchman:

He laughed and chatted, and told French yarns.

He was popular, but did not fill the place of the pseudo Jack Mason.

So the time passed.

After a time the banqueters had their fill, and it was proposed to return to the gaming rooms.

So all made their way thither.

The place had begun to fill up.

The card playing was in full swing.

Money rattled and chinked, glasses clicked and wine flowed.

It was, however, an exceedingly silent crowd.

There was little laughter or gayety.

The participants were too much engrossed in the problem of the game for anything but serious work.

So the cards were dealt, the money crossed the green cloth, and the chips rattled monotonously on the tables.

They watched the players awhile.

But no one suggested a game.

Finally Old King Brady caught the eye of the younger detective.

He used his fingers in a silent message to the other.

"Everything is working well," he telegraphed.

"Yes!" replied Young King Brady.

"They suspect nothing."

"No!"

"We must try and find those deeds of the gold mine. It will be easy then to convict Kenyou. We must not let him leave New York."

"Our chance will come!"

"Watch it!"

At this moment Kenyou turned to Caroline and said:

"It is time we perfected our plans, Carrie. Are you ready?"

"I am," replied the woman.

Kenyou opened the door of an inner room. He said:

"Gentlemen, here is a private room where we can talk over our plans for the future. I hope you understand me?"

"I hafe so veery leetle understanding of Eenglis!" declared Monsieur St. Leon. "But I shall be mooch happy."

"Leon is all right," said Young King Brady, lighting a cigar. "You can count on him all right, Mr. Kenyou."

"I trust so," said Kenyou, soberly. "We can't afford to treat with traitors!"

"I will go personally responsible for Monsieur St. Leon!"

"The recommendation is satisfactory. You have proved yourself a good adviser and friend, Mason," said Kenyou. "I want your opinion on a matter which is very important."

"You shall have it."

"I felt sure of that."



"Although I cannot give a guarantee of infallible judgment."

Kenyou laughed.

"Still so very modest," he cried. "Well, this is a matter in which my judgment will stand."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; it concerns the certainty of a princely fortune."

"You interest me."

"I knew that I should, and I feel sure of your hearty co-operation."

"I will promise it now."

"Good!"

"But what is this certainty of a princely fortune? Kindly explain."

"With pleasure, as well as I can. The fortune is in the ground. It needs only effort and patience to extract it."

"A mining scheme?"

"Exactly."

They were now in the private room and sitting at a table.

Caroline carefully closed and muffled the door by drawing a hanging over it.

There was little danger that other ears would hear what would pass.

So Kenyou proceeded.

He drew from his pocket a bundle of papers.

"No doubt," he said, keenly looking at Young King Brady, "you read of the mysterious death of Burton Henshaw, the returned Californian, whose body was found in the North River?"

"I did," replied Mason, carelessly.

"Well, from him, a short while before his strange murder, if murder it was, I purchased the plan and survey of a gold claim in Nevada.

"It is said that this claim is the richest in the West. Untold quantities of gold are hidden in its soil."

Kenyou paused as if to watch the effect of this upon his listeners.

The Bradys were careful not to betray themselves.

Young King Brady flicked at the ashes of his cigar and listened quietly. Every sense was upon the alert.

Old King Brady leaned forward and gazed calmly at Kenyou.

"Now, this claim," continued Kenyou, "is considered the richest in that part of the world. Millions are no doubt to be dug from its soil. But it will be necessary to take active measures to develop the bonanza.

"Now, I have taken a liking to you, Mason, and also to your friend, Monsieur St. Leon. I have a proposition to make to you with regard to this claim. I propose to offer you a good interest in the bonanza if you will go West with us and assist us to develop it.

"I need the assistance of two men of about your qualifications. I feel that I can trust you, Mason. That is why I make this proposition. Will you accept it?"

Young King Brady did not reply at once.

He puffed at his cigar.

He was thoughtful.

Finally he said:

"This has taken me completely by surprise. I did not anticipate it. I can hardly say what I ought to do. I must first consider other affairs of a personal sort. But your offer is generous. You have reposed much confidence in me."

"I am sorry that I did not broach it to you before, and thereby give you more time to think it over," said Kenyou.

"Then I must decide at once?"

"At once, for it is necessary for us to leave immediately for the West."

Young King Brady turned to the Frenchman, the pseudo Monsieur St. Leon.

"What is your answer, monsieur? Can you go?"

"I am ver' mooch pleased to share in ze big enterprise," replied Old King Brady. "I could not refuse. It ees so rich a chance, you zee."

"That settles it, then!" cried Young King Brady.

"You agree?" cried Kenyou, eagerly.

"We are with you!"

The villain leaped up with a shout.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "We will succeed. I have two men, faithful followers of mine, here in New York. They will go with us as miners. The Great Enterprise Gold Mining Company is this moment a tangible reality."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE GAME EXPOSED.

"So you intend to organize a gold mining company?" asked Young King Brady.

"Certainly. You and Monsieur St. Leon and myself will be the company. We can become the officers of the concern and issue capital stock up in the millions.

"We are sharp enough to float it right in this city. There is a mighty fortune in it for all of us."

"I believe you!" cried Young King Brady. "It is the biggest chance I've seen yet."

Kenyou now began to expatiate ardently on the merits of the famous Enterprise gold claim.

He was extremely enthusiastic.

The Bradys listened intently.

They joined in all the plans.

They even made suggestions.

The whole project was deliberately mapped out. Everything had progressed smoothly, until suddenly Young King Brady carelessly asked:

"Oh, about this gold claim—are you sure the title is good?"

Kenyou gave a sudden start.

For an instant an odd startled expression dwelt upon his dark face.

He exchanged swift glances with Caroline.



The woman had been strangely quiet for some while. She had sat back and given much time to the close scrutiny of Young King Brady's face.

"The title!" exclaimed Kenyou, "why, of course it's good."

"You received it direct from Henshaw?"

"Certainly."

"There's no use of covering up anything. Don't be afraid to speak it right out. Did you have to put him over the edge of the wharf in order to get hold of this claim?"

It was a bold and daring move on Young King Brady's part.

Even Old King Brady looked dubious.

Kenyou's face turned ghastly white and then livid.

He fairly gasped for breath.

"What do you mean?" he hissed. "Are you a traitor?"

Young King Brady puffed at his cigar.

"If you can't trust me you can't enter into business with me."

"What does it matter how I got this claim, anyway?" asked Kenyou.

"It does not matter," replied the young detective very quietly, "only I want to know how we stand. You know I have always been square with you. Didn't I tell you the truth at the races?"

Kenyou's face cleared.

"You did!" he cried, eagerly. "I know no reason why I should withhold the truth from you!"

"Now you are talking."

"I may as well tell you the whole truth," said Kenyou. "The claim has come into my hands in just the manner you intimate."

"Then you dumped Henshaw off the wharf?"

"Yes, I decoyed him there for that purpose. I struck him on the head with a billy and then took the plan of the claim from his pocket."

"But how can you prove the title?"

"That is easy. I present a claim of a large sum against his state. I enter suit and attach the gold claim. The case cannot be defended and the property is defaulted to me."

"Have you taken steps to this effect?"

"It is already done!"

"You acted with dispatch!"

"Why should I not?"

Young King Brady, after gaining this absolute confession, turned to Caroline.

"We are all on the same tree," he said. "Now tell me the truth, Miss Shirley. Were you not mixed up with the Quickley murder?"

Caroline nodded lightly.

"I was!" she replied.

"There is no harm in our knowing each other's standing. How was the old man killed?"

To the surprise of both detectives Caroline promptly replied:

"I did it!"

"Whew!" exclaimed Young King Brady, "you had good nerve, didn't you?"

"I had to have it."

"Was there a good stake?"

"All his property. I was his next heir."

"Are you not sure of the spoils?"

"I would be, if the lawyers for that young Harvey Hale did not so persistently hound me. They claim that they have almost got out a case against me!"

"Your position is ticklish."

"That is why we want to get out of New York at once. Then the Henshaw gold claim offers a better chance for a fortune."

"I believe you," said Young King Brady. "Well, matters are settled."

"I am glad of it," said Kenyon. "I think we shall work together harmoniously."

"There is no doubt of it. Let us think of going now, St. Leon."

Both detectives arose.

"Then you will not stop for play to-night?" asked Kenyou.

"Not to-night," replied Young King Brady. "We have much to do to get ready for the trip West, you know."

While listening to Kenyou's story, Young King Brady had made finger talk under the table's edge with Old King Brady.

"We have the birds," said Young Brady by sign talk.

"Yes!"

"Shall we arrest them here?"

"I fear the odds will be against us and work our defeat. Would it not be better to wait, and when we get outside surround the house with police? They cannot escape us then."

This seemed the best move.

An arrest in the gaming house would surely be resisted.

The two detectives could hope to do but little against so many of the gamesters.

The detectives made a movement toward the door. But now the most astonishing incident of the day occurred.

Caroline had arisen.

Her gaze had been fixed for a long time searchingly upon Young King Brady. Her face had paled, but her eyes glittered with the sinister glare of the murderess.

The detectives did not suspect a fearful truth.

She had penetrated their disguise.

Young King Brady's wig had pulled slightly awry and gave him away.

It was most unfortunate.

But as the detectives moved toward the door the climax came.

A strange, sharp voice spoke:

"Halt, or you are dead men!"

Astounded, both detectives looked around.

Up to this moment both had believed their disguise impenetrable.

But they saw Caroline standing in the center of the room with two revolvers in her hands.



Her face was marble-hued.

"So you see, I know you," she said in a low, tense voice.

"What?" gasped Kenyou, springing to his feet. "What do you mean, Caroline?"

"You're a blind fool!" said the woman, scornfully. "Can't you see that these men are detectives in disguise?"

Kenyou turned white.

"Detectives?" he gasped.

"Yes!"

"What detectives?"

"The Bradys!" replied Caroline.

"Impossible! They are dead. We threw them overboard in the harbor. There is some mistake," cried the villain.

"There is no mistake," declared Caroline, "though how they escaped with their lives I cannot imagine. I have no doubt they will admit their identity."

Young King Brady pulled off his wig with a slight laugh.

"Yes, we will admit that," he said. "But you will admit that we have played too deep a game for you, and you are our birds."

"What do you mean?"

"We have your absolute confessions of the crimes of murder."

"Double murder," said Old King Brady.

"Yes, double murder," repeated Young King Brady. "Put up your pistols, Caroline. Your game is ended."

"Never!" gritted the woman, flashing a comprehensive glance at Kenyou. "Karl, you know your business. These men must not go out of here alive!"

"Nor will they!" gritted Kenyou, as he drew a murderous knife.

It is likely that murder might have been done then and there, but for Young King Brady's shrewdness.

He made a motion with his head, and shot a glance with his eyes at the window back of Caroline, as if to beckon to some one there.

Instinctively the woman turned her head to glance toward the window.

It was only the briefest of seconds, but that was enough. The deadly aim was for an instant diverted.

Both detectives dropped flat on the floor.

Crack-ack!

The pistols spoke.

But the bullets went wide. Old King Brady leaped forward, and with one swift blow dashed both weapons from the woman's hands.

Then he overpowered her.

She fought like a tigress.

But he slipped the handcuffs on her, and she was powerless.

Young King Brady had started forward to seize Kenyou, but the frightened villain, who was an acrobat, turned a back somersault, and plunged through the curtains of a side door.

The young detective was after him like a wolf.

But the next room was dark.

The whole house was in an uproar as the result of the pistol shots.

The gamesters, of course, believed that the police had descended upon them.

They naturally fled from the house in a panic.

Kenyou, of course, was desperate.

He knew that his life depended on making his escape sure; so he was bound to take any chances.

He had dashed through a window, and reached a court just in the rear of the building. Then he vanished.

Young King Brady explored the court and reached the street.

But too late.

The bird was gone.

Where he had vanished to so suddenly it was not easy to say or guess.

But the fact remained.

The young detective dashed away down the street. As luck would have it he struck a clew.

Far down the street he saw a man rush around a corner.

He went out of sight.

Young King Brady was sure it was Kenyou. He reached the corner in a few bounds.

Then he beheld a startling sight.

A man was just climbing into a cab.

It was Kenyou.

The driver whipped up his horses and dashed away. The young detective hesitated.

He knew that the villain would not attempt to leave the city by any ferry or cars. He would doubtless have the cabman drive him to the city limits.

Then he would take to the highway.

All this occurred to Young King Brady.

It decided the young detective in his plan of action.

He knew that by crossing up a side street by dint of swift running he might head off the cab.

To think was to act.

He ran like a greyhound.

He reached the corner above just in time. The cab was coming along the avenue. The detective waited.

Then he essayed to cross the street.

As the cab whirled past he caught hold of the baggage-rack. It was but an instant's work to mount this and gain the top of the coach like a cat.

Before the driver knew what had happened, the detective was upon the box beside him.

"Turn your horses, Jehu," he cried, sternly. "Turn them, I tell you."

The detective grasped one rein.

Around came the horses and the coach nearly went over. The steeds started off in the opposite direction.

"Jehosopha!" gasped the driver. "Who the devil are you? Get off this box?"

"Not yet!" replied the detective.

"Then I'll make ye!"

The driver turned upon the detective. They grappled and an exciting struggle was the next thing.



## CHAPTER XV.

## WHICH ENDS THE STORY.

THE reins dropped on the heels of the horses and they became frightened. Down the street they started at a terrific pace.

The detective found the cab driver a strong man.

Meanwhile Kenyou, in the cab, put his head out and yelled madly at the driver.

But when he saw him struggling with the detective alarm seized him.

He tried to open the cab door.

It was fast.

He then tried to clamber through the window of the door.

But at this moment a tall, gaunt form came rushing out of a side street.

It was old King Brady.

The old detective had remained only long enough in the gambling house to see that the police had answered his call by the electric signal box and to turn Caroline Shirley over to them.

Then he had started out after Young King Brady.

It was while rushing down a side street that he had seen the flying horses attached to the cab and Young King Brady struggling with the driver.

He took in the situation at a glance.

He saw Kenyon in the cab.

The villain was trying to climb through the door. Old King Brady did not hesitate.

The scene was a thrilling one.

Old King Brady recognized Young King Brady struggling on the box, and meant to risk his life to stop the maddened horses.

He made a flying leap into the street.

It was just at the right moment.

The horses swerved as they saw the obstacle before them.

In that instant Old King Brady grasped their bits.

He was dragged for fully two hundred feet, but clung to them and brought them to a dead stop.

Young King Brady and the driver were not on the box.

The old detective saw this.

Nor was anyone inside of the cab. But a short distance away a man lay on the pavement.

He crawled slowly and painfully to his feet.

It was the cab driver.

Old King Brady threw the reins over a post and ran back to where the fellow was.

"Look here," he cried, sternly, "which way did they go?"

"Who—when?" spluttered the cabby.

"Your passenger and the man you were struggling with?"

"I can't tell ye!" replied the cabby. "Some bloke jumped up on me cab behind me and tackled me. I don't know who he was, nor don't care, but he give me an awful fall."

"What's your number?" asked the old detective.

"What's that to you?"

"This!"

Old King Brady showed his star. The cab driver wilted. He became instantly docile and tractable.

"All right, boss," he said. "I think I seen them two go up thet street there. I don't know what it all means, but I hope ye won't enter no complaint agin me."

Old King Brady saw that it was of no use to bother with the cabby further.

So he left him.

He started up the side street at full speed.

It was not long before he had traversed the entire block.

But no sign of Young King Brady or Kenyou was to be seen.

There were no pedestrians near the spot. The roudsman on that beat came along, but he had seen nothing of them.

So the old detective gave up the quest.

He was content to leave Young King Brady to round up Kenyou. He took a car downtown.

He visited the Tombs.

Caroline Shirley and a number of the captured gamblers at the Forty-second street house had already arrived in the patrol wagon.

The Shirley woman had tried to take her life with a dirk.

She was sullen and silent. When Old King Brady went to her cell door she would vouchsafe no reply to his questions.

But the old detective had other work to do that night.

Big Hank and Bruiser Bill, the seamen on the North River schooner must be arrested.

Their testimony would be extremely valuable at the trial.

They were also wanted by the law for numerous misdeeds in the past.

So Old King Brady took two of the Central Office men and set out for the wharves.

The schooner was located easily at the same wharf. There was a light in the cabin as the officers sprang aboard.

The two 'longshoremen or sailors, whichever they might be called, were in the cabin playing cards.

It was a thrilling surprise to them when the officers walked in on them. Aghast they leaped to their feet.

Big Hank pulled a revolver, but he was already covered by one of the officers.

"It's no use, boys," said the officer, "you cannot escape."

"Jericho!" gasped Hank. "What are ye pulling us fer? We are good citizens."

Old King Brady now stepped forward.

At sight of him the two villains turned ghastly white and retreated to the far corner of the cabin.

"Old King Brady!"

"Thet durned detective?"

"He's come to life!"



"Yes," said the old detective, quietly, "I was lucky enough to get ashore that dark night off Long Branch."

"Ye must have more lives than a cat!"

"It's my turn now," said the old detective, with a smile. "Just put on these handcuffs."

"Say, boss, we'll peach if ye'll let us go," pleaded Hank.

"All right," said Old King Brady. "You may appeal to the judge for the privilege of turning State's evidence. He may make terms with you. I can't."

"Where's Kenyou and the woman?"

"The woman is in the Tombs. Kenyou soon will be."

"Then the game is up," said Bill. "We're in for it, Hank."

"It looks like it," said Old King Brady.

In half an hour the two ruffians were in the Tombs prison.

It is needless to say that this stroke of work created a sensation.

The daily papers made a great affair of the capture of the gang.

The whole story of the society crooks and the gambling house in Forty-second street came out.

The wealthy patrons of the place tried hard to suppress the facts.

But the truth came out.

The Bradys gained a great deal of credit for the deep game they had played.

Harvey Hale received the news in prison with the greatest of joy.

But not for two days was anything heard from Young King Brady or his bird, Karl Kenyou.

In this last run for his life, Kenyou proved what a man of keen resource he really was.

He eluded the young detective in several ways with wonderful shrewdness.

He gained the city limits and stealing a horse and carriage from before a physician's door, drove away at full speed.

The young detective followed him on a bicycle all the next day.

Through winding country roads, and from one town to another he tracked him.

At length, far in the center of the State, Young King Brady came up with his man. He at once cornered him.

Kenyou had gone to his limit.

He had made a bold fight for freedom.

But he had failed.

The sleuthhound on his track could not be thrown off the scent.

Young King Brady at once telegraphed Old King Brady to the office of the chief of the Secret Service.

"Have got my man. Will be in New York City this evening. Yours,

"HARRY BRADY."

When Old King Brady received this message he was highly gratified.

"The boy is all right," he declared. "No one could have done better."

True to his word Young King Brady arrived in Gotham that evening with his man. He was taken to the Tombs.

The great case was ended.

The society crooks were bagged.

Two great crimes had been brought to light, and the perpetrators were sure to receive justice.

Nothing more could be done.

For awhile the two criminals, Kenyou and Caroline Shirley, made a great bluff.

They employed counsel and made a fight against the evidence.

But Henshaw's papers were found in Kenyou's possession, and to cap the climax Big Hank and Bruiser Bill came out with an absolute confession.

This ended the affair.

Kenyou died in prison of heart failure.

Caroline Shirley was sentenced to a life imprisonment. Hank and Bruiser Bill each got ten years in Sing Sing.

Harvey Hale was completely exonerated, and emerged from prison a free and happy man.

He was extremely thankful to the two Bradys for clearing him of the awful charge against him.

The case became known in detective circles, as a *cause celebre*, for its features had been certainly of a diabolical order.

However, virtue had triumphed, and villainy had been defeated, so that everybody was glad and none more so than the Bradys.

But their attention was at once claimed by a new case, the particulars of which may be made public at a later day.

With this promise, we beg leave to bring to an end this story of THE BRADYS' DEEP GAME.

[THE END.]

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